

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Tales of the Crusaders.* By the Author of Waverley, Quentin Durward, &c. In 4 vols. pp. 1371. Edinburgh and London, 1825. Hurst, Robinson, and Co.

THE long-promised and long-delayed *Tales of the Crusaders* have at length appeared, and the only chit-chat in the literary world and in fashionable life, for the ensuing fortnight, will be on the subject of the new romance by the author of Waverley. In looking over these four volumes, we have been at a loss to discover the cause why their publication has been procrastinated from time to time, or why, as they contain two tales of two volumes each, they were not published separately. Is it possible that it was necessary to clear the shelves of a former novel before the new one appeared? or were the frequent announcements and delays intended as whets to the appetite of public curiosity, in order to increase its eagerness for the promised work? We suspect there was something in this; for, whatever merit the Waverley novels possess, —and few persons entertain a higher opinion of them than we do,—it cannot be denied that there are as many little artifices of trade resorted to, in making them known, as would be necessary to pass off the veriest trash that ever appeared.

The *Tales of the Crusaders* are two,—The *Betrothed* and The *Talisman*. They are prefaced by an introduction, very unworthy the talents of the author of Waverley; it is entitled 'Minutes of Sederunt of a General Meeting of the Shareholders designing to form a Joint-Stock Company, united for the Purpose of Writing and Publishing the Class of Works called the Waverley Novels, held in the Waterloo Tavern, Regent's Bridge, Edinburgh, 1st June, 1825.' The subject of joint-stock companies has been written on and ridiculed in every possible shape, so that there is nothing new to be said on them, even by the author of Waverley; and the attempt at humour, in this introduction, we consider a complete failure. The author is the preses on the occasion, and the heroes of his former tales are the *dramatis personæ*. The preses begins by expressing his surprise that the sharp-sighted could suppose that the Waverley novels were all the work of one hand, when 'it requires twenty pair of hands to make a thing so trifling as a pin—twenty couple of dogs to kill an animal so insignificant as a fox.' The only point of humour we see in this introduction is the mention of the 'great patent machine erected at Groningen, where they put in raw hemp at one end, and take out ruffled shirts at the other, without aid of hackle or rippling-comb, shuttle or weaver, scissors, needle, or seamstress.' The preses proposed that some person present should move the resolution, that a joint-stock company for publishing and writing the Waverley novels be formed; but, on the contrary, Mr. Oldbuck says, the time is gone by, that 'whereas, last year, you might have obtained an act, incorporating a company for riddling ashes, you will not be able to procure one this year for gathering pearls;' that, in fact, the Lord Chancellor and Lord Lauderdale would never consent to the bill. This knocks up the proposal, when the preses declares he will discard the whole of them, and, like Old Absolute, unbeget them, and, leaving caverns and castles, modern antiques and antiquated moderns, will vindicate his fame with his own right hand, and write history!—in short, that he intends to write 'the most wonderful book that the world ever read; a book, in which every incident shall be incredible, yet strictly true; a work, recalling recollections with which the ears of this generation were once tingled, and which shall be read by our children with an admiration approaching to incredulity. Such shall be the *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, by the author of Waverley.'

As the author usually keeps his promise in these matters, we may, at no very distant period, expect a *Life of Bonaparte* from the pen of Sir Walter Scott: that such a work will be looked for with anxiety is certain, and that it will be powerfully written we have no doubt; but it does appear to us, that the time has not arrived in which justice can be done to Napoleon,—a generation must pass away ere he can be spoken off as he ought, though every day the prejudices against him and the calumnies by which his name was blackened are wearing away. But, leaving conjecture as to what our author may do, let us turn to what he has really done.

From the moment that the title of the work before us was announced, every person, acquainted with the genius and favourite studies of the author of Waverley, anticipated a treat: in the *Crusaders*, it was expected he would carry us back to that golden age of chivalry with which no person is better acquainted, and few, if any, are equally able to describe. The expectations thus raised will not be disappointed; both of the tales display much of that vigour of description, that truth to nature, in character and originality of design, which distinguish the works of this author: we shall, however, reserve our criticism, and proceed to analyse the first tale, *The Betrothed*, interspersing our narrative with such extracts as appear to us the best.

*The Betrothed* is a story of the twelfth century, and opens at that period (1187) when the Welsh and their neighbours, the Lord

Marchers, seemed mutually to wish for peace, and when Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied by Giraldus de Barri, afterwards Bishop of St. David's, 'preached the crusade from castle to castle, from town to town, and awakened the inmost valleys of his native Cambria with the call to arms for recovery of the Holy Sepulchre.' Many Cambrian chiefs accepted the invitation, particularly Gwenwyn, the Torch of Pengwern (so called from his frequently laying the province of Shrewsbury in conflagration), who continued to exercise a precarious sovereignty over such parts of Powysland as had not been subjugated by the Mortimers. Gwenwyn not only seemed now to forget his deeply-sworn hatred against his neighbours, but was so far prevailed on by the archbishop, as 'to break bread and to mingle in sylvan sports with his nearest, and hitherto one of his most determined, enemies, the old Norman warrior, Sir Raymond Berenger, who—sometimes beaten, sometimes victorious, but never subdued—had, in spite of Gwenwyn's hottest incursions, maintained his Castle of Garde Doloureuse, upon the marshes of Wales.' Gwenwyn had never been able, by force or stratagem, to gain this castle, of which he had a hundred times vowed the demolition, as well as the death of Raymond; yet the archbishop induced Gwenwyn to entertain Raymond at his palace for a week, and then return the visit, during the ensuing Christmas, with a chosen, but limited train.

At the banquet, Gwenwyn first beheld Eveline Berenger, the sole child of the Norman castellan, aged only sixteen, and the most beautiful damsel upon the Welsh marches, in maintenance of whose charms many a spear had already been shivered, particularly by Hugo de Lacy, constable of Chester.

Gwenwyn was struck with the charms of Eveline, and, as she was heiress of the fortress, thought it might be acquired by means more smooth than those with which he was in the habit of working his will; but there was one objection—Gwenwyn had a wife, Brengwain, a childless bride, whom, however, he removed to a nunnery. Gwenwyn ordered his chaplain, Hugo, to take the necessary steps for a divorce, and to commit to paper the proposals to marry Eveline; but he was doubtful of the match being acceptable to the elders and nobles of his dominions; and, in order to propitiate them, invited large numbers to partake of a princely festivity at his castle. The feast is admirably described, and presents a curious picture of the manners of the times:—

'A Norman would have despised the barbarous magnificence of an entertainment



consisting of kine and sheep roasted whole, of goats' flesh and deers' flesh seethed in the skins of the animals themselves; for the Normans piqued themselves on the quality rather than the quantity of their food, and, eating rather delicately than largely, ridiculed the coarser taste of the Britons, although the last were in their banquets much more moderate than were the Saxons; nor would the oceans of *Cru* and hydromel, which overwhelmed the guests like a deluge, have made up, in their opinion, for the absence of the more elegant and costly beverage which they had learned to love in the south of Europe. Milk, prepared in various ways, was another material of the entertainment, which would not have received their approbation, although a nutriment which, on ordinary occasions, often supplied the want of all others among the ancient British, whose country was rich in flocks and herds, but poor in agricultural produce.

The banquet was spread in a long low hall, built of rough wood lined with shingles, having a fire at each end, the smoke of which, unable to find its way through the imperfect vents in the roof, rolled in cloudy billows above the heads of the revellers, who sat on low seats, purposely to avoid its stifling fumes. The mien and appearance of the company assembled was wild, and, even in their social hours, almost terrific. Their prince himself had the gigantic port and fiery eye fitted to sway an unruly people, whose delight was in the field of battle; and the long mustaches which he and most of his champions wore added to the formidable dignity of his presence. Like most of those present, Gwenwyn was clad in a simple tunic of white linen cloth, a remnant of the dress which the Romans had introduced into provincial Britain; and he was distinguished by the *Eudorchawg*, or chain of twisted gold links, with which the Celtic tribes always decorated their chiefs. The collar, indeed, was common to chieftains of inferior rank, many of whom bore it in virtue of their birth, or had won it by military exploits; but a ring of gold, bent around the head, intermingled with Gwenwyn's hair—for he still claimed the rank of one of three diademed princes, and his armlets and anklets, of the same metal, were peculiar to the Prince of Powys, as an independent sovereign. Two squires of his body, who dedicated their whole attention to his service, stood at the prince's back; and at his feet sat a page, whose duty it was to keep them warm by chafing and by wrapping them in his mantle. The same right of sovereignty which assigned to Gwenwyn his golden crownlet gave him title to the attendance of the foot-bearer, or youth, who lay on the rushes, and whose duty it was to cherish the prince's feet in his lap or bosom.

Notwithstanding the military disposition of the guests, and the risk arising from the feuds into which they were divided, few of the feasters wore any defensive armour, excepting the light goat-skin buckler, which hung behind each man's seat. On the other hand, they were well provided with stores of offensive weapons; for the broad, sharp,

short two-edged sword was another legacy of the Romans. Most added a wood-knife or peniard; and there were store of javelins, darts, bows and arrows, pikes, halberds, Danish axes, and Welsh hooks and bills; so, in case of ill-blood arising during the banquet, there was no lack of weapons to work mischief.

The chief bard, Cadwallon, when expected to pour forth the tide of song in the banquetting hall of his prince, attempted, but in vain, and, declaring that his right hand was withered, pushed the instrument from him. This was considered as a bad omen, when Gwenwyn called forth a young bard, named Caradoc of Menwygent to sing something which might command the applause of his sovereign and the gratitude of the company:

The young man was ambitious, and understood the arts of a courtier. He commenced a poem, in which, although under a feigned name, he drew such a poetic picture of Eveline Berenger, that Gwenwyn was enraptured; and, while all who had seen the beautiful original at once recognised the resemblance, the eyes of the prince confessed at once his passion for the subject, and his admiration of the poet. The figures of Celtic poetry, in themselves highly imaginative, were scarce sufficient for the enthusiasm of the ambitious bard, rising in his tone as he perceived the feelings which he was exciting. The praises of the prince mingled with those of the Norman beauty; and "as a lion," said the poet, "can only be led by the hand of a chaste and beautiful maiden, so a chief can only acknowledge the empire of the most virtuous, the most lovely of her sex. Who asks of the noon-day sun, in what quarter of the world he was born? and who shall ask of such charms as her's, to what country they owe their birth?"

Gwenwyn rewards Caradoc with the golden bracelets which he wore; at this moment, Jorworth, the messenger, whom he had sent to Raymond Berenger, entered with a packet, bound with silk, and sealed with the impression of a swan. Gwenwyn, ignorant of reading and writing, handed the letter to Cadwallon, but it was in Latin, and the bard knew no language but that of Britain; the priest, Hugo, was called from the church, and ordered to read the letter aloud, which, after some hesitation, he proceeded to do. The letter thanked Gwenwyn, but stated, that, considering the difference in blood and lineage, Raymond held it fitter to match his daughter within her own people, and that her hand had been sought by the constable of Chester, to whom a favourable answer had been returned. The letter observed that "the sheep and the goats feed together in peace on the same pastures, but they mingle not in blood, or race the one with the other."

Gwenwyn was indignant; his fury seemed too big for utterance, when the silence was broken by a few notes from the hitherto mute harp of Cadwallon, and he was suffered to proceed:—

"We wed not with the stranger,"—thus burst the song from the lips of the poet. "Vortigern wedded with the stranger; thence came the first woe upon Britain, and a sword

upon her nobles, and a thunderbolt upon her palace. We wed not with the enslaved Saxon—the free and princely stag seeks not for his bride the heifer whose neck the yoke hath worn. We wed not with the rapacious Norman—the noble hound scorns to seek a mate from the herd of ravening wolves. When was it heard that the Cymry, the descendants of Brute, the true children of the soil of fair Britain, were plundered, oppressed, bereft of their birthright, and insulted even in their last retreats?—when, but since they stretched their hand in friendship to the stranger, and clasped to their bosoms the daughter of the Saxon? Which of the two is feared?—the empty water-course of summer, or the channel of the headlong winter torrent?—A maiden smiles at the summer-shrunk brook while she crosses it, but a barbed horse and his rider will fear to stem the wintry flood. Men of Mathraval and Powys, be the dreaded flood of winter Gwenwyn, son of Cyverliock!—may thy plume be the foremost of its waves!"

The unanimous shout of the assembly was for instant war; and Raymond Berenger, suspecting that such would be the result of his letter, had sent messengers to the vassals who occupied the frontier towers, to be on the alert, that he might receive instant notice of the approach of the enemy. While Gwenwyn was at Garde Doloureuse, he significantly looked at the battlements, as if he thought in them consisted the strength of Raymond, who, fired at such an insinuation, declared, if ever the Cymry came again in hostile fashion, he would meet him in the plain; and, although Dennis Morolt, his favourite squire, and Wilkin Flammock, a brave but blunt Flemish artisan, endeavoured to dissuade him from so rash an act, yet he would not be persuaded.

Dennis is ordered to remain behind, to take care of Eveline, and, if necessary, to convey her to her aunt, the Abbess of the Benedictine sisters; but entreats to share danger and death with his master. The Fleming, who fights in defence of his property, which was near the castle, refuses to quit it, and is therefore left in charge of it, and Eveline, who is attended by his daughter Rose. Every person but Raymond saw the disadvantage of allowing the whole Welsh army to take its own ground, and he yielded to it as a point of honour. The battle is admirably described, but we can only take a short extract:—

"At the same moment when the trumpets were blown, Berenger gave signal to the archers to discharge their arrows, and the men-at-arms to advance under a hail-storm of shafts, javelins, and stones, shot, darted, and slung by the Welsh against their steel-clad assailants

"The veterans of Raymond, on the other hand, stimulated by many victorious recollections, confident in the talents of their accomplished leader, and undismayed even by the desperation of their circumstances, charged the mass of the Welshmen with their usual determined valour. It was a gallant sight to see this little body of cavalry advance to the onset, their plumes floating above their hel-

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met, their lances in rest, and projecting six feet in length before the breasts of their coursers: their shields hanging from their necks, that their left hands might have freedom to guide their horses; and the whole body rushing on with an equal front, and a momentum of speed, which increased with every moment. Such an onset might have startled naked men (for such were the Welsh, in respect of the mail-sheathed Normans), but it brought no terrors to the ancient British, who had long made it their boast that they exposed their bare bosoms and white tunics to the lances and swords of the men-at-arms, with as much confidence as if they had been born invulnerable. It was not indeed in their power to withstand the weight of the first shock, which, breaking their ranks, densely as they were arranged, carried the barbed horses into the very centre of their host, and well nigh up to the fatal standard, to which Raymond Berenger, bound by his fatal vow, had that day conceded so much vantage-ground. But they yielded like the billows, which give way, indeed, to the gallant ship, but only to assail her sides, and to unite in her wake. With wild and horrible clamours, they closed their tumultuous ranks around Berenger and his devoted followers, and a deadly scene of strife ensued.

The battle was long and severe, and Berenger and Gwenwyn came so near as to exchange tokens of defiance, when a Welsh champion threw himself under the horse of the former, and stabbed him in the belly with his long knife; and, while Berenger was in the act of extricating himself from his fallen horse, he was killed by Gwenwyn. Dennis was also killed, and the victory was complete on the part of the Britons.

The fatal result of Raymond's incautious sally was viewed from the castle, by Eveline, and other females, who had assembled there for safety; they were now hurried to the chapel by father Aldrovand, to seek by prayer to avert further evils, while Wilkin Flammock strengthened the courage of his men by cups of wine. A white flag was hoisted by the Welsh, and their envoy, Jorworth, was brought blindfolded into the castle. His message was to offer, on condition of the surrender of the castle and its dependencies to the Prince of Powis, that all within should depart unmolested, and have safe conduct. Wilkin refused, and Jorworth tampered with him, by promise of large bribes, to which he listened. The monk, Aldrovand, had overheard the conference, and denounced Wilkin as a traitor to the Lady Eveline, in the chapel; this roused Rose in defence of her father, whom she brings to confront the monk. There is a fine trait of filial affection in Rose, and, when she sees cause to suspect her father, her indignation and her love for the parent struggle with each other. She at length declares, that if her father prove treacherous, she will plunge herself from the Warden's Tower to the bottom of the moat, and he shall lose his own daughter for betraying his master's. Wilkin had promised to consider of the proposal, in case Jorworth sent in the cattle of which he had been despoiled; this he did, and came next morning to demand

the surrender of the castle. The monk, however, absolved Wilkin from any promise that he might have made, and Jorworth was dismissed with defiance. At dawn of day, the Lady Eveline visited the battlements, and encouraged the feeble garrison to resistance, and to avenge the death of their leader and his followers:—

“Will the gallant champions of the cross,” she said, “think of leaving their native land, while the wail of women and of orphans is in their ears?—it were to convert their pious purpose into mortal sin, and to derogate from the high fame they have so well won. Yes—fight but valiantly, and perhaps, before the very sun that is now slowly rising shall sink in the sea, you will see it shining on the ranks of Shrewsbury and Chester. When did the Welshmen wait to hear the clangour of their trumpets, or the rustling of their silken banners? Fight bravely—fight freely but awhile!—our castle is strong—our munition ample—your hearts are good—your arms are powerful—God is nigh to us, and our friends are not far distant. Fight, then, in the name of all that is good and holy—fight for yourselves, for your wives, for your children, and for your property—and oh! fight for an orphan maiden, who hath no other defenders but what a sense of her sorrows, and the remembrance of her father, may raise up among you!”

Such speeches as these made a powerful impression on the men to whom they were addressed, already hardened, by habits and sentiments, against a sense of danger. The chivalrous Normans swore, on the cross of their swords, they would die to a man ere they would surrender their posts; the blunter Anglo-Saxons cried, “Shame on him who would render up such a lamb as Eveline to a Welsh wolf, while he could make her a bulwark with his body!”—Even the cold Flemings caught a spark of the enthusiasm with which the others were animated, and muttered to each other praises of the young lady's beauty, and short but honest resolves to do the best they might in her defence.

Wilkin laboured hard at fortifying the place, and had a deadly enmity against the Welsh, to whom “Heaven had denied the grace and knowledge to weave linen enough for tents.” The castle was soon attacked by the Welsh, in three divisions; the postern was a principal point of attack, and here Wilkin, like another Ajax, was working the great engine which he lately helped to erect, when he was joined by Aldrovand, who had formerly been a soldier, though he wished to conceal it:—

“How thinkest thou of this day's work?” said the monk in a whisper.

“What skills it talking of it, father?” replied Flammock; “thou art no soldier, and I have no time for words.”

“Nay, take thy breath,” said the monk, tucking up the sleeves of his frock; “I will try to help thee whilst—although, our lady pity me, I know nothing of these strange devices,—not even the names. But our rule commands us to labour; there can be no harm, therefore, in turning this winch—or in placing this steel-headed piece of wood oppo-

site to the cord (suited his action to his words), nor see I aught uncanonical in adjusting the lever thus, or in touching this spring.”

The large bolt whizzed through the air as he spoke, and was so successfully aimed, that it struck down a Welsh chief of eminence, to whom Gwenwyn himself was in the act of giving some important charge.

“Well done, *trebuchet*—well thrown, *quarrell*!” cried the monk, unable to contain his delight, and giving, in his triumph, the technical names to the engine, and the javelin which it discharged.

“And well aimed, monk,” added Wilkin Flammock; “I think thou knowest more than is in thy breviary.”

“Care not thou for that,” said the father; “and now that thou seest I can work an engine, and that the knaves seem something low in stomach, what think'st thou of our estate?”

“Well enough—for a bad one—if we may hope for speedy succour; but men's bodies are of flesh, not of iron, and we may be at last wearied out by numbers. Only one soldier to four yards of wall is a fearful odds; and the villains are aware of it, and keep us to sharp work.”

The Welsh were repulsed at all points; and during the night the Lady Eveline and Rose kept watch on the battlements, to allow Wilkin and others an opportunity of reposing a little. At this moment the Anglo-Normans, under Hugo de Lacy, Constable of Chester, arrived, and surprised the undefended camp of the Welsh, making dreadful havoc among them. A single horseman was soon seen advancing from the constable's army; this proved to be Damian Lacy, his nephew, who, on being introduced to Lady Eveline, stated that his noble kinsman was bound by a vow not to come beneath a roof until he embarked for the Holy Land: Damian then presented Eveline with the gold bracelets and chain of linked gold worn by the Welsh prince, Gwenwyn, whom the constable had slain in the battle. The funeral obsequies of Raymond Berenger followed, in the chapel within the castle.

De Lacy followed up his successes by several well-directed forages among the British; and the evils of discord being added to those of defeat and invasion, he was able to negotiate an advantageous peace, which deprived Powis of part of its frontier, and rendered the Garde Doloureuse more secure than formerly. De Lacy solicited an interview with Eveline; but, as he could not enter any house, he was obliged to ask her to visit him in his tent: a splendid pavilion was fitted up, and the day fixed for the interview. The constable repaired to the gate of the castle to receive the lady, and escorted her to the tent. De Lacy was of a rough exterior, and not much likely to win a lady's love; and, therefore, when he proposed an union of himself with Eveline, she started with some degree of surprise, and avoided making a promise of her hand until she should consult her aunt the abbess. On their return home, Eveline bewails her destiny, and is consoled by Rose, who thinks the constable



might have looked for an heir to the De Lacy family in the person of the nephew, whose youth and comeliness would render him more acceptable to the Lady Eveline.

The lady was escorted by the constable to the mansion of her aunt the abbess, at Baldringham, who tells her she must pass a night in the chamber of the Red Finger, a mysterious apartment. She is almost forced to obey; but Rose gets as near her as possible; and, when Eveline is alarmed in the night, Rose calls a Norman sentinel, who forces the door, and brings forth her lady, more dead than alive. The reason of her ladyship's being put in this chamber, and the cause of alarm, she thus relates, at the request of Rose:—

"I know the legend but imperfectly," replied Eveline, proceeding with a degree of calmness, the result of strong exertion over her mental anxiety, "but in general it runs thus:—Baldrick, the Saxon hero, who first possessed yonder dwelling, became enamoured of a fair Briton, said to have been descended from those Druids of whom the Welsh speak so much, and deemed not unacquainted with the arts of sorcery which they practised, when they offered up human sacrifices amid those circles of unhewn and living rock, of which thou hast seen so many. After more than two years' wedlock, Baldrick became weary of his wife to such a point, that he formed the cruel resolution of putting her to death. Some say he doubted her fidelity—some that the matter was pressed on him by the church, as she was suspected of heresy—some that he removed her to make way for a more wealthy marriage—but all agree in the result. He sent two of his Cnichts to the house of Baldringham, to put to death the unfortunate Vanda, and commanded them to bring him the ring which had circled her finger on the day of wedlock, in token that his orders were accomplished. The men were ruthless in their office, they strangled Vanda in yonder apartment, and, as the hand was so swollen that no effort could bring off the ring, they obtained possession of it by severing the finger. But long before the return of those cruel perpetrators of her death, the shadow of Vanda had appeared before her appalled husband, and, holding up to him her bloody hand, made him fearfully sensible how well his savage commands had been obeyed. After haunting him in peace and war, in desert, court, and camp, until he died despairingly on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, the bargeist, or ghost of the murdered Vanda, became so terrible in the house of Baldringham, that the succour of Saint Dunstan was itself scarcely sufficient to put bounds to her visitation. Yea, the blessed saint, when he had succeeded in her exorcism, did, in requital of Baldrick's crime, impose a strong and enduring penalty upon every female descendant of the house in the third degree; namely, that once in their lives, and before their twenty-first year, they should each spend a solitary night in the chamber of the murdered Vanda, saying therein certain prayers, as well for her repose, as for the suffering soul of her murderer. During that awful space, it is generally believed that the spirit of the murdered

person appears to the female who observes the vigil, and shows some sign of her future good or bad fortune. If favourable, she appears with a smiling aspect, and crosses them with her unbloodied hand; but she announces evil fortune by showing the hand from which the finger was severed, with a stern countenance, as if resenting upon the descendant of her husband his inhuman cruelty. Sometimes she is said to speak."

Rose inquired what she saw:—

"Ay, there is the question," said Eveline, raising her hand to her brow—"how I could witness that which I distinctly saw, yet be able to retain command of thought and intellect!—I had recited the prescribed devotions for the murderer and his victim, and, sitting down on the couch which was assigned me, had laid aside such of my clothes as might impede my rest—I had surmounted, in short, the first shock which I experienced in committing myself to this mysterious chamber, and I hoped to pass the night in slumber as sound as my thoughts were innocent. But I was fearfully disappointed. I cannot judge how long I had slept, when my bosom was oppressed by an unusual weight, which seemed at once to stifle my voice, stop the beating of my heart, and prevent me from drawing my breath; and when I looked up to discover the cause of this horrible suffocation, the form of the murdered British matron stood over my couch, taller than life, shadowy, and with a countenance where traits of dignity and beauty were mingled with a fierce expression of vengeful exultation. She held over me the hand which bore the bloody marks of her husband's cruelty, and seemed as if she signed the cross, devoting me to destruction: while with an unearthly tone she uttered these words:—

"Widow'd wife and married maid,  
Betroth'd, betrayer, and betray'd!"

The phantom stooped over me as she spoke, and lowered her gory fingers, as if to touch my face, when, terror giving me the power of which at first it deprived me, I screamed aloud—the casement of the apartment was thrown open with a loud noise—and—But what signifies my telling all this to thee, Rose, who show so plainly, by the movement of eye and lip, that you consider me as a silly and childish dreamer!"

The Lady Eveline remains four months at Baldringham, during which time the suit of the constable advances, and he makes an application to the archbishop to be released from his vow of going to the Holy Land, at least for two years. In the confident hope that his request will be granted, the *fiancailles*, or espousals, take place. Randal de Lacy, a sort of outcast of the family, has, through his intercession with the Lady Eveline, obtained leave to be present; and, while the ceremony is performing, Damian Lacy approaches the house, and falls down ill: he had been under the care of a leech, and had not followed his instructions. The illness of his nephew disconcerts the constable, and scarcely had he returned to the party, when he was served with a haughty message, summoning him to the archbishop's presence. The constable obeys a mandate given in all

the authority of the proudest days of popery, is received coolly by the archbishop, and a long conversation, admirably described, ensues, in which the prelate works on the pride and feelings of the constable, in order to induce him to forego his marriage, and keep his vow of going to the Holy Land: he even intimates that the indisposition of his nephew, Damian, is owing to his own breach of promise, and induces him to hope that by his penitence the judgment on his family may be averted. The constable has scarcely fallen on his knees, when a messenger arrives, and announces that Damian is out of danger; and this the artful archbishop declares to be a miracle. The constable returns, and during the night is serenaded with a song, as follows:—

"Soldier, wake—the day is peeping,  
Honour ne'er was won in sleeping,  
Never when the sunbeams still  
Lay unreflected on the hill:  
'Tis when they are glinted back  
From axe and armour, spear and jack,  
That they promise future story,  
Many a page of deathless glory.  
Shields that are the foeman's terror  
Ever are the morning's mirror.  
"Arm and up—the morning beam  
Hath call'd the rustic to his team,  
Hath call'd the falc'ner to the lake,  
Hath call'd the huntsman to the brake;  
The early student ponders o'er  
His dusty tomes of ancient lore:  
Soldier, wake—thy harvest, fame;  
Thy study, conquest; war, thy game.  
Shield, that would be foemen's terror,  
Still should gleam the morning's mirror.  
"Poor hire repays the rustic's pain;  
More paltry still the sportsman's gain;  
Vainest of all, the student's theme  
Ends in some metaphysic dream:  
Yet each is up, and each has toil'd  
Since first the peep of dawn has smiled;  
And each is eagerer in his aim  
Than he who barter's life for fame.  
Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror!  
Be thy brightshield the morning's mirror."

The singer proves to be Renault Vidal, a fantastically-dressed buffoon and minstrel, who had brought the good news of Damian's recovery to the constable at the archbishop's, and now came by appointment to receive the promised reward: he asks not money, but leave to accompany De Lacy to the Holy Land, to which the latter consents.

The constable, who had, by the artful workings of the archbishop—and the scene exhibits a fine proof of the artfulness and ascendancy of the Catholic priesthood—promised not to prosecute his union with Eveline farther, but to proceed to the Holy Land for three years, has now to make the lady acquainted with this change in his destiny, and finds her ready to yield to his wishes, and defer the union; but her aunt the abbess strongly urges that her niece should be released from all obligations, and both parties be at liberty to marry as they please. To this the constable will not consent, nor does Eveline wish it.

The constable, overjoyed with the successful manner in which he had extricated himself, made preparations for his journey, and



on retiring to rest ordered his new minstrel, Vidal, to sing to him, who, on requiring a subject, was given, 'The Truth of Woman.' After a short prelude, the minstrel obeyed, by singing nearly as follows:—

'Woman's faith and woman's trust—  
Write the characters in dust;  
Stamp them on the running stream,  
Print them on the moon's pale beam,  
And each evanescent letter  
Shall be clearer, firmer, better,  
And more permanent, I ween,  
Than the thing those letters mean.  
'I have strain'd the spider's thread  
'Gainst the promise of a maid;  
I have weigh'd a grain of sand  
'Gainst her plight of heart and hand;  
I told my true love of the token,  
How her faith proved light, and her word was  
broken:  
Again her word and troth she plight,  
And I believed them again ere night.'

We ought to premise that all these proceedings took place at Gloucester;—and the constable, hearing that Wilkin Flammock was in the town, sent for him, and wished to knight him, and give him the charge of the Castle of the Garde Doloureuse and the guardianship of the Lady Eveline during his absence; but the Fleming refused to undertake the charge:—

"But I demand, once more, wherefore thou canst not, or rather wilt not, accept this trust?" said the constable. "Surely, if I am willing to confer such confidence, it is well thy part to answer it."

"True, my lord," said the Fleming; "but methinks the noble Lord de Lacy should feel, and the wise Lord de Lacy should foresee, that a Flemish weaver is no fitting guardian for his plighted bride.—Think her shut up in yonder solitary castle, under such respectable protection, and reflect how long the place will be solitary in this land of love and of adventure! We shall have minstrels singing ballads by the threave under our windows, and such twanging of harps as would be enough to frighten our walls from their foundations, as clerks say happened to those of Jericho. We shall have as many knights-errant around us as ever had Charlemagne, or King Arthur. Mercy on me! A less matter than a fine and noble recluse immured—so will they term it—in a tower, under the guardianship of an old Flemish weaver, would bring half the chivalry in England round us, to break lances, vow vows, display love-liveries, and I know not what follies besides.—Think you such gallants, with the blood flying through their veins like quicksilver, would much mind my bidding them begone?"

"Draw bolts, up with the drawbridge, drop portcullis," said the constable, with a constrained smile.

"And thinks your lordship such gallants would mind these impediments? Such are the very essence of the adventures which they come to seek. The Knight of the Swan would swim through the moat—he of the Eagle would fly over the walls—he of the Thunderbolt would burst open the gate."

"Ply cross-bow and mangonel," said De Lacy.

"And be besieged in form," said the Fleming, "like the castle of Tintadgel in the old hangings, all for the love of fair lady?—And then those gay dames and demoiselles, who go upon adventure from castle to castle, from tournament to tournament, with bare bosoms, flaunting plumes, poniards at their sides, and javelins in their hands, chattering like magpies, and fluttering like jays, and, ever and anon, cooing like doves,—how am I to exclude such from the Lady Eveline's privacy?"

"By keeping doors shut, I tell thee," answered the constable, still in the same tone of forced jocularity; "a wooden bar will be thy warrant."

"Ay, but if the Flemish weaver say *shut*, when the Norman young lady says *open*, think which has best chance of being obeyed. At a word, my lord, for the matter of guardianship, and such like, I wash my hands of it—I would not undertake to be guardian to the chaste Susannah, though she lived in an enchanted castle which no living thing could approach."

Wilkin recommended that the charge should be given to Damian Lacy, and to this the constable consented, first waiting on his nephew, to acquaint him with his determination, and afterwards on Eveline and her aunt on the same errand. Eveline said she would not fail to apply to Damian to come to her aid, if she needed it; but, as she had resolved to live in retirement at her own castle, she hoped it would not be violated, even by her guardian knight, unless some apprehension for her safety made his visit unavoidable. The period in which De Lacy was to take leave of his affianced bride now arrived, and he told her that, if in three years he returned not, she might conclude the grave had closed on De Lacy, and seek out for her mate some happier man.

The Lady Eveline now returned to the Castle of Garde Doloureuse, which rather resembled the gloom of a convent than a hall of banquets, as in the lifetime of her father: the day was passed in solitude, sometimes relieved by an airing or a hunting party, on which occasion the cavalry of Damian, stationed in the rear of the castle, had to scour the country the night previous. In the evenings, Father Aldrovand read some homily or legend, and sometimes a chapter of the Holy Scriptures; but, in such cases, the good man's attention was so strangely turned to the military part of the Jewish history, that he was never able to quit the Books of Judges and of Kings, together with the triumphs of Judas Maccabeus.

The monotony of this way of life had passed some time, and was one day attempted to be relieved by the lady consenting to ride out, and see some falcons tried, which a travelling merchant had brought for sale; the party were long before they found game, and rode to a greater distance than was prudent, when a heron was started, and struck by one of the falcons, and the lady, being best mounted, rode on to assist the falcon, when, on dismounting, she was seized on 'by a wild form, who exclaimed, in Welsh, that he seized her as a *wolf* for hawking on the de-

mesnes of Dawfyd with one eye: more than a score of others, well armed, appeared, and the Lady Eveline had a bandage put over her eyes, and was carried off, her attendants being unable to rescue her. She was hurried over hill and dale, and, though not insulted, was forced into a subterraneous cavern, which she could only enter by creeping in on her hands and knees: no sooner had she entered, than the passage was closed up with stones. Presently, the trampling of horse, the clashing of weapons, and the screams of combatants, were heard; and Eveline, thinking that her friends had rallied, and driven off the Welsh, made great exertions to remove the barrier which obstructed her going out; with a poniard she cleared away the earth and sods, and thus obtained a glimmering light and a supply of pure air. She called for assistance, and was answered, from without, by the faint voice of one who seemed just awakened from a swoon; she stated who she was:—

"Now, the Holy Virgin be praised," said the wounded man, "that I can spend the last breath of my life in thy just and honourable service! I would not before blow my bugle, lest I recalled from the pursuit to the aid of my worthless self some of those who might be effectually engaged in thy rescue; may Heaven grant that the recall may now be heard, that my eyes may yet see the Lady Eveline in safety and liberty!"

The words, though spoken in a feeble tone, breathed a spirit of enthusiasm, and were followed by the blast of a horn, faintly winded, to which no answer was made save the echoing of the dell. A sharper and louder blast was then sent forth, but sunk so suddenly, that it seemed the breath of him who sounded the instrument had failed in the effort. A strange thought crossed Eveline's mind, even in that moment of uncertainty and terror. "That," she said, "was the note of a De Lacy—surely you cannot be my gentle kinsman, Sir Damian!"

"I am that unhappy wretch, deserving of death for the evil care which I have taken of the treasure entrusted me.—What was my business to trust to reports and messengers? I should have worshipped the saint who was committed to my keeping, with such vigilance as avarice bestows on the dross which he calls treasure—I should have rested nowhere, save at your gate; outwatched the brightest stars in the horizon; unseen and unknown myself, I should never have parted from your neighbourhood; then had you not been in the present danger, and, much less important consequence, thou, Damian de Lacy, had not filled the grave of a forsworn and negligent caiff!"

Wilkin Flammock and a party of his friends, accompanied by Rose, who had called on their protection before danger threatened, now arrived, and the Lady Eveline was rescued:—

The place on which the skirmish had occurred, and the deliverance of the Lady Eveline had been effected, was a wild and singular spot, being a small level plain, forming a sort of stage, or resting-place, between two very rough paths, one of which winded



up the rivulet from below, and another continued the ascent above. Being surrounded by hills and woods, it was a celebrated spot for finding game, and, in former days, a Welsh prince, renowned for his universal hospitality, his love of *crw* and of the chase, had erected a forest-lodge, where he used to feast his friends and followers with a profusion unexampled in Cambria.

The fancy of the bards, always captivated with magnificence, and having no objections to the peculiar species of profusion practised by this potentate, gave him the surname of Edris of the Goblets; and celebrated him in their odes in terms as high as those which exalt the heroes of the famous Hirlas Horn. The subject of their praises, however, fell finally a victim to his propensities, having been stabbed to the heart in one of those scenes of confusion and drunkenness which were frequently the conclusion of his renowned banquets. Shocked at this catastrophe, the assembled Britons interred the relics of the prince on the place where he had died, within the narrow vault where Eveline had been confined, and, having barricaded the entrance of the sepulchre with fragments of rock, heaped over it an immense *cairn*, or pile of stones, on the summit of which they put the assassin to death. Superstition guarded the spot; and for many a year this memorial of Edris remained unviolated, although the lodge had gone to ruin, and its vestiges had totally decayed.

In latter years, some prowling band of Welsh robbers had discovered the secret entrance, and opened it with the view of ransacking the tomb for arms and treasures, which were in ancient times often buried with the dead. These were disappointed, and obtained nothing by the violation of the grave of Edris, excepting knowledge of a secret place, which might be used for depositing their booty, or even for a retreat to an individual in case of an emergency.

Rose—the faithful, disinterested, and affectionate Rose—felt uneasy how to dispose of the wounded Damian, and, thinking it might give rise to suspicions were he taken to the castle, with some difficulty prevailed on her father to take him to his house; this Eveline positively refused, and had him conveyed to the castle, where he was attended by the generous and grateful Eveline. Damian became insensible, and raved about his lost honour. It appears that there was an insinuation in the west against the nobles, and that the insurgents pretended to be favoured not only by Randal Lacy, but by Damian, who had not gone to crush the rebellion, because he conceived his duty required him to guard the Lady Eveline.

Amelot, Damian's page, offered to lead the men, but they refused to fight under a boy. Eveline then determined to exert her influence:—

Eveline entered the castle-court, with the kindling-eye and glowing brow which her ancestors were wont to bear in danger and extremity, when their soul was arming to meet the storm, and displayed in their mien and looks high command and contempt of danger. She seemed at the moment taller

than her usual size: and it was with a voice distinctly and clearly heard, though not exceeding the delicacy of feminine tone, that the mutineers heard her address them. "How is this, my masters?" she said; and as she spoke, the bulky forms of the armed soldiers seemed to draw closer together, as if to escape her individual censure. It was like a group of heavy water-fowl, when they close to avoid the stoop of the slight and beautiful merlin, dreading the superiority of its nature and breeding over their own inert physical strength.—"How now?" again she demanded of them; "is it a time, think ye, to mutiny, when your lord is absent, and his nephew and lieutenant lies stretched on a bed of sickness?—Is it thus ye keep your oaths?—Thus ye merit your leader's bounty?—Shame on ye, craven hounds, that quail and give back the instant you lose sight of the huntsman!"

There was a pause—the soldiers looked on each other, and then again on Eveline, as if ashamed alike to hold out in their mutiny, or to return to their usual discipline.

"I see how it is, my brave friends,—ye lack a leader here; but stay not for that—I will guide you myself, and, woman as I am, there need not a man of you fear disgrace where a Berenger commands.—Trap my palfrey with a steel saddle," she said, "and that instantly." She snatched from the ground the page's light head-piece, and threw it over her hair, caught up his drawn sword, and went on. "Here I promise you my countenance and guidance—this gentleman," she pointed to Genvil, "shall supply my lack of military skill. He looks like a man that hath seen many a day of battle, and can well teach a young leader her devoir."

"Certes," said the old soldier, smiling in spite of himself, and shaking his head at the same time, "many a battle have I seen, but never under such a commander."

They now agreed to march, under Amelot, to the assistance of Wenlock, who was opposing the insurgents, but were too late to prevent the triumph of the latter; they were met by a rude peasant, who called himself Grand Justiciary of the Commons, and presented the head of Wenlock, which he carried in a bag. Amelot and his party now returned to the Castle of the Garde Doloureuse. Dangers now began to thicken, for the soldiers of Damian's camp, tired of a life of inactivity, and dispirited by the hints and reported death of their leader, had broken up and dispersed.

The three years' crusading of the constable had now elapsed, and Rose, with a significant allusion to Damian, reminded her lady that a few weeks would place her hand at her own disposal:—

"And think you, Rose," said Eveline, rising with dignity, "that there are no bonds save those drawn by the scribe's pen?—We know little of the constable's adventures; but we know enough to show that his towering hopes have fallen, and his sword and courage proved too weak to change the fortunes of the Sultan Saladin. Suppose him returning some brief time hence, as we have seen so many crusaders regain their homes, poor and broken in health—suppose that he

finds his lands laid waste, and his followers dispersed, by the consequence of their late misfortunes, how would it sound should he also find that his betrothed bride had wedded and endowed with her substance the nephew whom he most trusted?—Dost thou think such an engagement is like a Lombard's mortgage, which must be redeemed on the very day, else forfeiture is sure to be awarded?"

"I cannot tell, madam," replied Rose; "but they that keep their covenant to the letter are, in my country, held bound to no more."

"That is a Flemish fashion, Rose," said her mistress; "but the honour of a Norman is not satisfied with an observance so limited. What! wouldst thou have my honour, my affections, my duty, all that is most valuable to a woman, depend on the same progress of the kalen tar which an usurer watches for the purpose of seizing on a forfeited pledge?—Am I such a mere commodity that I must belong to one man if he claims me before Michaelmas, to another if he comes afterwards?—No, Rose, I did not thus interpret my engagement, sanctioned as it was by the special providence of our Lady of the Garde Doloureuse."

In the meantime, Grey Monthermer, the hereditary enemy of the house of Lacy, appeared before the castle, and demanded entrance in the king's name, or that Damian, whom he accused of having stirred up the insurrection, should be given up. This she refused, and ordered the portcullis to be let down. Monthermer now called forth his pursuivant, who, in consequence of her contumacy, proclaimed Eveline Berenger guilty of high treason.

More than three months had elapsed after this event, when two travellers, in the garb of pilgrims, were seen approaching the castle, through a scene of devastation scarcely surpassed by those they had trod during the wars of the cross; these proved to be the constable, Hugo de Lacy, and his squire, Guarine, who had been wrecked on the Welsh coast, and saved by the ingenuity of the minstrel, Vidal.

The minstrel was sent to gather tidings from the Garde Doloureuse, and returned, telling the constable, after much hesitation, that Damian and the Lady Eveline, "have lived and loved together *par amours*." The refusal of Eveline to give up Damian to Monthermer had given credence and circulation to such calumnies.

The king was now moving towards this part of England, to press the siege of the Garde Doloureuse, and Randal, the next heir of the Damian, suddenly appeared, with a royal commission to raise and command such followers as might not desire to be involved in the supposed treason of the constable's delegate. Many gathered round him, and surrendered such strong holds as they possessed. Randal thus ranked five hundred men, and joined Henry's camp before the castle, which now was hard pressed. Damian appeared among the dispirited garrison, and bade them offer him up dead or alive, provided they insured the safety of Eve-



line. A soldier, however, proposed, that they should cut their way through the siegers, and carry off Damian with them.

In the meantime Wilkin Flammock quitted the castle, and going to the camp of King Henry, offering to surrender on terms. It was, however, found, that the castle might be carried by a sudden attack, which was accordingly made, and with success. The soldiers of the garrison were disarmed, the officers thrown into dungeons, particularly Damian, and Eveline assigned her own apartment as a prison.

All this Hugo de Lacy learnt from his minstrel, Vidal, and prepared to go to the castle; he met with Raoul, an old retainer of the Berengers, and his wife, borrowed their palfrey, learnt that Randal Lacy had reported his death, and was likely to get his estates; and that he, as a pedlar, had introduced himself at various times to the castle, and was in fact the merchant with the falcons who had induced Eveline to go out hunting, and endangered her safety when saved by Damian.

The constable now proceeded to the castle, accompanied by Raoul and his wife. Guarine was afterwards summoned to attend, and Vidal ordered to remain at Battle-bridge, a place of rendezvous previously fixed, and where he amused himself by chanting the following lay:—

“I asked of my harp, ‘Who hath injured thy chords?’

And she replied, ‘The crooked finger, which I mocked in my tune.’

A blade of silver may be bended—a blade of steel abideth—

Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

“The sweet taste of mead passeth from the lips,

But they are long corroded by the juice of wormwood;

The lamb is brought to the shambles, but the wolf rangeth the mountain;

Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

“I asked the red-hot iron, when it glimmered on the anvil,

‘Wherefore glowest thou longer than the fire-brand;—

‘I was born in the dark mine, and the brand in the pleasant greenwood.’

Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

“I asked the green oak of the assembly, wherefore its boughs were like the horns of the stag?

And it showed me that a small worm had gnawed its roots.

The boy who remembered the scourge, undid the wicket of the castle at midnight.

Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

“Lightning destroyeth temples, though their spires pierce the clouds;

Storms destroy armadas, though their sails intercept the gale.

He that in his glory falleth, and that by no strong enemy.

Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.”

A procession issued from the castle, and Vidal was told that Hugo de Lacy, the constable, was about to give to Wilkin Flammock the charter granted by the king. Vidal had always been suspected of some

dark design by Guarine, and, in the midst of the ceremony, he threw himself over some Flemings, on the saddle of the constable's horse, and stabbed the constable in the neck. Vidal was seized by Flammock, and carried before the king:—

“Does no one know this caitiff?” said Henry, looking around him.

“There was no immediate answer, until Philip Guarine, stepping from the group which stood behind the royal chair, said, though with hesitation, “So please you, my liege, but for the strange guise in which he is now arrayed, I should say there was a household minstrel of my master, by name Renault Vidal.”

“Thou art deceived, Norman,” said the minstrel; “my menial place and base lineage were but assumed—I am Cadwallon, the Briton—Cadwallon of the Nine Lays—Cadwallon the chief bard of Gwenwyn of Powisland—and his avenger!”

As he uttered the last word, his looks encountered those of a palmer, who had gradually advanced from the recess in which the attendants were stationed, and now confronted him.

The Welshman's eyes looked so eagerly ghastly as if flying from their sockets, while he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, mingled with horror, “Do the dead come before monarchs?—Or, if thou art alive, whom have I slain?—I dreamed not, surely, of that bound, and of that home blow!—yet my victim stands before me! Have I not slain the constable of Chester?”

“Thou hast indeed slain the constable,” answered the king; “but know, Welshman, it was Randal de Lacy, on whom that charge was this morning conferred, by our belief of our loyal and faithful Hugh de Lacy's having been lost upon his return from the Holy Land, as the vessel in which he had taken passage was reported to have suffered shipwreck. Thou hast cut short Randal's brief elevation by a few hours; for to-morrow's sun would have again seen him without land or lordship.”

The prisoner dropped his head on his bosom in evident despair. “I thought,” he murmured, “that he had changed his slough, and come forth so glorious all too soon. May the eyes drop out that were cheated with those baubles, a plumed cap and a lacquered baton!”

“I shall take care, Welshman, thine eyes cheat thee not again,” said the king sternly; “before the night is an hour older, they shall be closed on all that is earthly.”

“May I request of your nobleness,” said the constable, “that you will permit me to ask the unhappy man a few questions?”

“When I have demanded of him myself,” said the king, “why he has dipped his hands in the blood of a noble Norman?”

“Because he at whom I aimed my blow,” said the Briton, his eye glancing fiercely from the king to De Lacy, and back, “had spilled the blood of the descendant of a thousand kings: to which his own gore, or thine, proud Count of Anjou, is but as the puddle of the highway to the silver fountain.”

Vidal confessed that he had long meditated

the constable's death, but the vigilance of Philip Guarine, or the sacred character of his being God's soldier, protected him. When he might have suffered by shipwreck, or among the Welsh, Cadwallon saved him, as he said, because he would not suffer either wave or Welshman to share in his revenge. Vidal, notwithstanding the intercession of the constable, was sent to execution. These doings were told to the Lady Eveline; and Damian, confined in a dreary dungeon, received a vague intimation to prepare for a change of dwelling, which he construed into an intention to send him to death: he therefore asked for a confessor, and a pilgrim was admitted, who stated that he was returned from the Holy Land, where his uncle was taken prisoner. He added, that the only condition of his ransom was, that, with the first portion of money, the nearest of kin, and next heir of De Lacy, must be placed in his hands as a hostage. Damian doubly bewailed his imprisonment, which prevented him serving his uncle; the palmer having made full proof of Damian's affection, produced his pardon from the king, threw off his mask, and stood forth the constable. He told Damian he must put on his best array, and be present at the marriage of the Lady Eveline: this he would gladly evade, until told that she was to be his bride—the church, the king, and the lady having all given their sanction. The union took place, as did that of Rose and Amelot, and thus, in the concluding words of the author, ended the trials and sorrows of the Betrothed.

The second tale, the Talisman, occupies the third and fourth volumes; the hero of the story is Richard Cour-de-Lion; and a Scottish adventurer, who accompanies the king to the Holy Land incognito, is also an important personage; but, as we intend to reserve the Talisman for next week, we shall only, for the present, quote from it two charming poems, with which it is enriched. The first verses, says the author, are ‘very ancient in the language and structure, which, some have thought, derive their source from the worshippers of Arimanes, the evil principle:—

‘AHIRMAN.

‘Dark Ahirman, whom Irak still

Holds origin of woe and ill!

When, bending at thy shrine,

We view the world with troubled eye,

Where see we 'neath the extended sky

An empire matching thine!

‘If the benigner power can yield

A fountain in the desert field,

Where weary pilgrims drink;

Thine are the waves that lash the rock,

Thine the tornado's deadly shock,

Where countless navies sink!

‘Or if he bid the soil dispense

Balsams to cheer the sinking sense,

How few can they deliver

From lingering pains, or pang intense,

Red fever, spotted pestilence,

The arrows of thy quiver!

‘Chief in man's bosom sits thy sway,

And frequent, while in words we pray

Before another throne,

Whate'er of specious form be there,



The secret meaning of the prayer  
Is, Ahimian, thine own.

'Say, hast thou feeling, sense, and form,  
Thunder thy voice, thy garments storm,  
As eastern Magi say;  
With sentient soul of hate and wrath,  
And wings to sweep thy deadly path,  
And fangs to tear thy prey?

'Or art thou mix'd in nature's source,  
An ever-operating force,  
Converting good to ill;  
An evil principle innate,  
Contenting with our better fate,  
And oh! victorious still?

'Howe'er it be, dispute is vain  
On all without thou hold'st thy reign,  
Nor less on all within;  
Each mortal passion's fierce career,  
Love, hate, ambition, joy, and fear,  
Thou goadest into sin.

'Whene'er a sunny gleam appears,  
To brighten up our vale of tears,  
Thou art not distant far;  
'Mid such brief solace of our lives,  
Thou whett'st our very banquet knives  
To tools of death and war.

'Thus, from the moment of our birth,  
Long as we linger on the earth,  
Thou rulest the fate of men;  
Thine are the pangs of life's last hour,  
And—who dare answer?—is thy power,  
Dark spirit! ended THEN?'

The next poem is a tale of chivalry, chanted  
by Blondel to Cour-de-Lion, and accompanied  
by the minstrel on his harp; a colloquy en-  
sues between the first and second parts, in  
which the king says, he likes 'these rattling  
rolling Alexandrines,' which 'sound like the  
charge of cavalry,' but wishes Blondel 'to  
fling away that new-fangled restriction of ter-  
minating in accurate and similar rhymes,'  
which were 'a constraint on his flow of fancy,'  
and made him resemble a man dancing in  
fetters.' The following is the ballad:—

#### 'THE BLOODY VEST.'

'Twas near the fair city of Benevent,  
When the sun was setting on bough and bent,  
And knights were preparing in bower and tent,  
On the eve of the baptist's tournament;  
When in Lincoln green a stripling gent,  
Well seeming a page by a princess sent,  
Wander'd the camp, and, still as he went,  
Inquired for the Englishman, Thomas a Kent.

'Far hath he fared, and farther must fare,  
Till he finds his pavilion nor stately nor rare,—

\* 'The worthy and learned clergyman by  
whom this species of hymn has been translated  
desires, that, for fear of misconception, we  
should warn the reader to recollect, that it is  
composed by a heathen, to whom the real  
causes of moral and physical evil are unknown,  
and who views their predominance in the sys-  
tem of the universe, as all must view that ap-  
palling fact, who have not the benefit of the  
Christian revelation. On our own part, we beg  
to add, that we understand the style of the  
translator is more paraphrastic than can be ap-  
proved by those who are acquainted with the  
singularly curious original. The translator  
seems to have despaired of rendering into Eng-  
lish verse the flights of oriental poetry; and,  
possibly, like many learned and ingenious men,  
finding it impossible to find out the sense of  
the original, he may have tacitly substituted  
his own.'

Little, save iron and steel, was there;  
And, as lacking the coin to pay armourer's care,  
With his sinewy arms to the shoulders bare,  
The good knight with hammer and file did re-  
pair

The mail that to-morrow must see him wear,  
For the honour of Saint John and his lady fair.

"Thus speaks my lady," the page said he,  
And the knight bent lowly both head and knee,  
"She is Benevent's princess so high in degree,  
And thou art as lowly as knight may well be—  
He that would climb so lofty a tree,  
Or spring such a gulf as divides her from thee,  
Must dare some high deed, by which all men  
may see

His ambition is back'd by his hie chivalrie.

"Therefore thus speaks my lady," the fair  
page he said,  
And the knight lowly louted with hand and  
with head,

"Fling aside the good armour in which thou  
art clad,

And don thou this weed of her night-gear in-  
stead,

For a hauberk of steel, a kirtle of thread;  
And charge, thus attired, in the tournament

dread,  
And fight as thy wont is where most blood is  
shed,

And bring honour away, or remain with the  
dead."

'Untroubled in his look, and untroubled in his  
breast,

The knight the weed hath taken, and reverently  
hath kiss'd;—

"Now blessed be the moment, the messenger  
be blest!

Much honour'd do I hold me in my lady's high  
behest;

And say unto my lady, in this dear night-weed  
dress'd,

To the firmest-armed champion I will not vail  
my crest,

But, if I live and bear me well, 'tis her turn to  
take the test."

Here, gentles, ends the foremost fyte of the  
Lay of the Bloody Vest.'

#### 'FYTTE SECOND.'

'The Baptist's fair morrow beheld gallant  
feats—

There was winning of honour and losing of  
seats—

There was hewing with falchions and splinter-  
ing of staves,

The victors won glory, the vanquish'd won  
graves.

O, many a knight there fought bravely and  
well,

Yet one was accounted his peers to excel,  
And 'twas he whose sole armour on body and  
breast

Seem'd the weed of a damsel when boune for  
her rest.

'There were some dealt him wounds that were  
bloody and sore,

But others respected his plight and forbore.  
"It is some oath of honour," they said, "and  
I trow,

'Twere unknighly to slay him achieving his  
vow."

Then the prince, for his sake, bade the tourna-  
ment cease,

He flung down his warder, the trumpets sung  
peace;

And the judges declare, and competitors yield,  
That the knight of the Night-gear was first in  
the field.

'The feast it was nigh, and the mass it was  
nigher,

When before the fair princess low louted a  
'squire,

And delivered a garment unseemly to view,  
With sword-cut and spear-thrust, all hack'd  
and pierc'd through;

All rent and all tattered, all clotted with blood,  
With foam of the horses, with dust, and with  
mud:

Not the point of that lady's small finger, I ween,  
Could have rested on spot was unsullied and  
clean.

"This token my master, Sir Thomas a Kent,  
Restores to the Princess of fair Benevent;

He that climbs the tall tree has won right to  
the fruit,

He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in  
his suit;

Through life's utmost peril the prize I have won,  
And now must the faith of my mistress be  
shown:

For she who prompts knights on such danger  
to run

Must avouch his true service in front of the sun.

"I restore," says my master, "the garment  
I've won,

And I claim of the princess to don it in turn;  
For its stains and its rents she should prize it the  
more,

Since by shame 'tis unsullied, though crimson'd  
with gore."

Then deep blush'd the princess—yet kiss'd she  
and press'd

The blood-spotted robe to her lips and her  
breast.

"Go, tell my true knight, church and chamber  
shall show,

If I value the blood on this garment or no."

'And when it was time for the nobles to pass,  
In solemn procession to minster and mass,

The first walk'd the princess in purple and pall,  
But the blood-besmeared night-robe she wore  
over all;

And eke, in the hall, where they all sat at dine,  
When she knelt to her father and proffer'd the  
wine,

Over all her rich robes and state jewels, she  
wore

That wimple unseemly bedabbled with gore.

'Then lords whisper'd ladies, as well you may  
think,

And ladies replied, with nod, titter, and wink;  
And the prince, who in anger and shame had  
look'd down,

Turn'd at length to his daughter, and spoke  
with a frown:

"Now, since thou hast publish'd thy folly and  
guilt,

E'en atone with thy hand for the blood thou  
hast spilt;

Yet sore for your boldness you both will repent,  
When you wander as exiles from fair Benevent."

'Then out spoke stout Thomas, in hall where  
he stood,

Exhausted and feeble, but dauntless of mood:  
"The blood that I lost for this daughter of thine,  
I pour'd forth as freely as flask gives it's wine;  
And, if for my sake she brooks penance and  
blame,

Do not doubt I will save her from suffering and  
shame;

And light will she reckon of thy princedom and  
rent,

When I bail her, in England, the Countess of  
Kent."

(The TALISMAN in our next.)

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*The Works of Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford. Vol. IX. Letters from the Honble. Horace Walpole to the Earl of Hertford, during his Lordship's Embassy in Paris. To which are added Mr. Walpole's Letters to the Rev. Henry Zouch. 4to. pp. 285. London, 1825. C. Knight.*

WHATEVER peculiarities of manner, aristocratic pride, and acerbity of disposition, there might be in the character of Walpole, he was a man whose station in society, knowledge of the world, and honesty of opinion, render almost every line he wrote valuable. His letters have always maintained a high rank in that department of English literature, and are so replete with anecdotes of the persons, politics, and literature of the age, as to form a most important and interesting picture of the period to which they relate. Of the former letters, anecdotes and chit-chat formed the principal topics, and politics were only introduced incidentally, as the news of the day; but of the volume now offered to the public, 'politics are the ground-work, and the town-talk is only the accidental embroidery.'

The first part of the collection of letters is addressed to Mr. Walpole's cousin, the Earl of Hertford, while ambassador at the court of France, from 1763 to 1765; they are written carefully, and, it would appear, with a wish that they might be preserved. They contain many animated sketches of parliamentary orators and parliamentary debates, and give a close view of the proceedings of political parties during the early part of the late reign.

The second collection of letters, to the Reverend Henry Zouch, principally relate to topics connected with Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors. The volume, which is understood to be edited by Mr. Croker, the secretary to the Admiralty, contains many explanatory and biographical notes. This gentleman is extremely well acquainted with the history of the period to which the letters relate, and the work could scarcely have found a more able editor. We shall now proceed to notice some of the most interesting letters, selecting passages which appear to us the most *piquant*. In one of his letters, written on the 17th November, 1763, Mr. Walpole thus notices the opening of Parliament:—

'If the winter keeps up to the vivacity of its *debut*, you will have no reason to complain of the sterility of my letters. I do not say this from the spirit of the House of Commons on the first day, which was the most fatiguing and dull debate I ever heard, dull as I have heard many; and yet for the first quarter of an hour it looked as if we were met to choose a king of Poland, and that all our names ended in *isky*. Wilkes, the night before, had presented himself at the Cockpit: as he was listening to the speech, George Selwyn said to him, in the words of the Dunciad, "May heaven preserve the ears you lend!"'

Walpole then runs on about Wilkes, and insinuates that he was a coward, quoting the two lines, 'But he that fights and runs away,'

&c. which he erroneously attributes to Hudibras. The editor corrects this mistake, and vindicates the courage of Wilkes. Alluding to Wilkes's duel with Lord Talbot, we are told—

'At the coronation Lord Talbot, as lord steward, appeared on horseback in Westminster Hall. His horse had been, at numerous rehearsals, so assiduously trained to perform what was thought the most difficult part of his duty, namely, the retiring backwards from the royal table, that, at the ceremony itself, no art of his rider could prevent the too-docile animal from his approaches to the royal presence *tail foremost*. This ridiculous incident was the occasion of some sarcastic remarks in The North Briton of the 21st August, which led to a correspondence between Lord Talbot and Mr. Wilkes, and ultimately to a duel in the garden of the Red Lion Inn, at Bagshot. Mr. Wilkes proposed that the parties should *sup together* that night, and fight next morning. Lord Talbot insisted on fighting immediately. This altercation, and some delay of Wilkes in writing papers, which (not expecting, he said, to take the field before morning) he had left unfinished, delayed the affair till dusk, and, after the innocuous exchange of shots *by moonlight*, the parties shook hands, and supped together at the inn with a great deal of jollity.'

The editor seems to think Lord George Sackville the most probable author of Junius's Letters, and in his notes often gives us a bon-mot to which Walpole only alludes, or which is somewhat illustrative of the text. The following is an instance:—

'Lord Gower had been reputed the head of the Jacobites. Sir C. H. Williams sneeringly calls him "*Hanoverian Gower*;" and when he accepted office from the House of Brunswick, all the Jacobites in England were mortified and enraged. Dr. Johnson, a steady Tory, was, when compiling his dictionary, with difficulty persuaded not to add to his explanation of the word *deserter*—"sometimes it is called a *Go'er*."

The debates in the House of Commons on Wilkes and the point of privilege appear to have been not only animated but personal. On one occasion, Walpole says—

'Charles Yorke shone exceedingly. He had spoke and voted with us the night before; but now maintained his opinion against Pratt's. It was a most able and learned performance, and the latter part, which was oratoric, uncommonly beautiful and eloquent. You find I don't let partiality to the Whig cause blind my judgment. That speech was certainly the masterpiece of the day. Norton would not have made a figure, even if Charles Yorke had not appeared; but, giving way to his natural brutality, he got into an ugly scrape. Having so little delicacy or decency as to mention a cause in which he had prosecuted Sir John Rushout (who sat just under him) for perjury, the tough old knight (who had been honourably acquitted of the charge) gave the house an account of the affair; and then added, "I was assured the prosecution was set on foot by that *honest gentleman*; I hope I don't call him out of his name—and

that it was in revenge for my having opposed him in an election." Norton denied the charge, upon his honour, which did not seem to persuade every body. Immediately after this we had another episode. Rigby, totally unprovoked either by anything said or by the complexion of the day, which was grave and argumentative, fell upon Lord Temple, and described his behaviour on the commitment of Wilkes. James Grenville, who sat behind him, rose in all the acrimony of resentment, drew a very favourable picture of his brother, and then one of Rigby, conjuring up the bitterest words, epithets, and circumstances that he could amass together; told him how interested he was, and how ignorant; painted his journey to Ireland to get a law-place, for which he was so unqualified; and concluded with affirming he had fled from thence to avoid the vengeance of the people. The passive speaker suffered both painters to finish their works, and would have let them carry their colours and brushes into Hyde Park the next morning, if other people had not represented the necessity of demanding their paroles that it should go no farther.'

The following extracts from a letter of Walpole, dated December 29, give a lively picture of the period to which it relates:—

'We are a very absurd nation (though the French are so good at present as to think us a very wise one, only because they themselves are now a very weak one); but then that absurdity depends upon the almanack. Posterity, who will know nothing of our intervals, will conclude that this age was a succession of events. I could tell them that we know as well when an event, as when Easter, will happen. Do but recollect these last ten years. The beginning of October one is certain that every body will be at Newmarket, and the Duke of Cumberland will lose, and Shafto win, two or three thousand pounds. After that, while people are preparing to come to town for the winter, the ministry is suddenly changed, and all the world comes to learn how it happened, a fortnight sooner than they intended; and fully persuaded that the new arrangement cannot last a month. The Parliament opens; every body is bribed; and the new establishment is perceived to be composed of adamant. November passes, with two or three self-murders, and a new play. Christmas arrives; every body goes out of town; and a riot happens in one of the theatres. The Parliament meets again; taxes are warmly opposed; and some citizen makes his fortune by a subscription. The opposition languishes; balls and assemblies begin; some master and miss begin to get together, are talked of, and give occasion to forty more matches being invented; an unexpected debate starts up at the end of the session, that makes more noise than anything that was designed to make a noise, and subsides again in a new peerage or two. Ranelagh opens and Vauxhall; one produces scandal, and t'other a drunken quarrel. People separate, some to Tunbridge, and some to all the horse-races in England; and so the year comes again to October. I dare to prophesy, that if you



keep this letter, you will find that my future correspondence will be but an illustration of this text; at least, it is an excuse for my having very little to tell you at present, and was the reason of my not writing to you last week.'

\* \* \* \* \*

'The East India Company have come to an unanimous resolution of not paying Lord Clive the £300,000, which the ministry had promised him in lieu of his nabobical annuity. Just after the bargain was made, his old rustic of a father was at the king's levée; the king asked where his son was; he replied, "Sire, he is coming to town, and then your majesty will have another vote." If you like these franknesses, I can tell you another. The chancellor is chosen a governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital: a smart gentleman, who was sent with the staff, carried it in the evening, when the chancellor happened to be drunk. "Well, Mr. Bartlemy," said his lordship, snuffing, "what have you to say?" The man, who had prepared a formal harangue, was transported to have so fair opportunity given him of uttering it, and with much dapper gesticulation congratulated his lordship on his health, and the nation on enjoying such great abilities. The chancellor stopped him short, crying, "By G—, it is a lie: I have neither health nor abilities; my bad health has destroyed my abilities." The late chancellor is much better.

'The last time the king was at Drury Lane the play given out for the night was *All in the Wrong*: the galleries clapped, and then cried out, "Let us be all in the right! Wilkes and liberty!" When the king comes to a theatre, or goes out, or goes to the house, there is not a single applause; to the queen there is a little: in short, *Louis le bien-aimé* is not French at present for King George.'

Walpole has a peculiarly happy talent at hitting off characters in a few words, and dismissing subjects with smartness and brevity. Alluding to Churchill's poems, he says:—

'Churchill has published a new satire, called "The Duellist," the finest and bitterest of his works. The poetry is glorious; some lines on Lord Holland, hemlock: charming abuse on that scurrilous mortal, Bishop Warburton: an ill-drawn, though deserved, character of Sandwich; and one, as much deserved, and better, of Norton.'

The correctness of the remark on 'The Duellist' may, however, fairly be disputed. The stately formality of Lord Abercorn, who is said to have made the grand tour of Europe without ever touching the back of his carriage, is happily expressed in the following notice of the Prince of Brunswick:—

'The ball, last night, at Carlisle House, Soho, was most magnificent; one hundred and fifty men subscribed, at five guineas each, and had each three tickets. All the beauties in town were there, that is, of rank, for there was no bad company. The Duke of Cumberland was there too; and the hereditary prince so pleased, and in such spirits, that he staid till five in the morning. He is gone to-day, heartily sorry to leave everything but St. James's and Leicester House. They lie to-night at Lord Abercorn's, at

Witham, who does *not step from his pedestal* to meet them. Lady Strafford said to him, "Soh! my lord, I hear your house is to be royally filled on Wednesday."—"And serenely," he replied, and closed his mouth again till next day.'

The following are also characteristic. The Sir Robert Rich, alluded to, was, at the time, the oldest field marshal in the army; and Major-general A'Court had just been forced to resign the command of the second regiment of foot guards, for his parliamentary opposition:—

'Sir Robert Rich is extremely angry with my nephew, the Bishop of Exeter, who, like his own and wife's family, is tolerably warm. They were talking together at St. James's, when A'Court came in. "There's poor A'Court," said the bishop. "Poor A'Court!" replied the marshal, "I wish all these fellows that oppose the king were to be turned out of the army!" "I hope," said the bishop, "they will first turn all the old women out of it!"

'The Duc de Pecquigny was on the point of a duel with Lord Garlies, at Lord Milton's ball, the former handing the latter's partner down to supper. I wish you had this duke again, lest you should have trouble with him from hence: he seems a genius of the wrong sort. His behaviour on the visit to Woburn was very wrong-headed, though their treatment of him was not more right. Lord Sandwich flung him down in one of their horse-plays, and almost put his shoulder out. He said the next day there, at dinner, that for the rest of his life he should fear nothing so much as a *lettre de cachet* from a French secretary of state, or a *coup d'épaulé* from an English one. After this he had a pique with the duchess, with whom he had been playing at whist. A shilling and sixpence were left on the table, which nobody claimed. He was asked if it was his, and said no. Then they said, "Let us put it to the cards:" there was already a guinea. The duchess, in an air of grandeur, said, "As there was gold for the groom of the chamber, the sweeper of the room might have the silver," and brushed it off the table. The Pecquigny took this to himself, though I don't believe meant, and complained to the whole town of it, with large comments, at his return.'

(To be continued.)

*Babylon the Great, &c.* By the Author of the *Modern Athens*.  
(Concluded from p. 388.)

ALTHOUGH our notice of this clever work, in our last, was necessarily hasty, a more attentive perusal does not lessen our conviction of its correctness. The author is often forcible, generally just, sometimes extremely eloquent, and occasionally slovenly: his rudest sketches, however, bear the marks of truth and nature, and prove him to be a man of genius; while his more polished efforts show of how much he is capable. If, however, we consider the very short period within which the *Modern Athens* and *Babylon* have been produced, we must acknowledge that the author is a man of gigantic mind and Herculean exertions. In nothing, per-

haps, are his powers more happily employed than in the delineation of character; and, therefore, our further extracts shall principally be confined to such sketches. Of Lord Eldon, the author draws a very favourable, and, in many respects, correct portrait. He says:—

'The lines of his face, deeply as they are marked, have none of those twistings and angularities which say that the spirit within, whatever may be its strength or its sparkling, is apt to be blown about by the winds of adverse passions. There is a shrewdness—a perfect *approfondissement* in every point of his visage, which shows you that his mind can in an instant scan the whole, and measure the parts of the most extensive and most complicated subject that can come before him; there is a firmness and yet a softness—or rather, perhaps, I should say a self-confidence and repose, in the strong muscles about his lips, which at once tell you that he will never utter what he does not himself believe, and that he will never utter it in a way which shall not be agreeable. His eyes, though they have the stillness and the apparent depth of mountain lakes, when the wind dares not even whisper, and though they indicate that some profound mental operation is going on within,—some knotty point, darkened by all the sophistry of the bar, and damaged by the blundering of less clear-headed men of the bench, is in the act of being resolved, and brought back again to clearness and consistency—or some deeply-laid and cunningly conducted fraud, by which generations unborn were all but spoiled of their heritage, is in the very article of being detected, exposed, put an end to,—though they tell you this, they have none of that dull filminess, that oblivious glimmer of hunting after thought, which deadens the eyes of minor men while in cogitation upon minor subjects: there plays a gentleness, a perfect good humour, a wit—happy and harmless as that of an infant, and a something else which no one can name, about them, which, if you have any speculation in you at all, force you to come to the conclusion that the cheerfulness which Lord Eldon has uniformly possessed during the very long period of his labours, is a cheerfulness resulting from the consciousness of having done his duty,—a consciousness in which, if you be free from prejudice, you cannot bring yourself to believe that he is mistaken.'

'His temperament is more uniformly cheerful, perhaps, than that of any other man upon record, who had the same important and laborious duties. As chancellor, this cheerful, bland, and soothing appearance never leaves him; and in politics, though he be a strong, and often a prejudiced and bigoted party-man, he is never an angry or a peevish one. The perfect intelligence and acuteness, too, that stand confessed in his every feature and his every look, give great confidence to his friends, and much confusion, and not a little disarming, to his opponents; while his mild, and affable, and prepossessing manner is calculated to win the hearts even of those of whom he cannot command the understandings.'



The author's tribute to the memory of the late Lord Erskine is warm-hearted and just, but we have only room for the commencement:—

'One of those speakers, and in point of ardent love of liberty and of man, of perfect and impassioned eloquence, of keen perception, of overpowering elegance, of commanding manliness, and of unrivalled empire over every passion of the human heart, has since then paid the final tribute to nature; and no equal or near follower to him, in any of his higher attributes, has yet been found. I need not say that I allude to the late Lord Erskine, —a man in whom the sheer and almost unbidden power of genius planted itself with a firmness, and shot up with a strength and a sublimity, to which there is nothing counterpart in the recent annals of the world. Born not under the most auspicious circumstances, and nurtured not upon the world's most flowery side, a portion of the genuine spirit of man—an intense breathing of that afflatus which not all the courts and all the colleges in the world can inspire, came upon the Hon. Thomas Erskine, and enabled him, in the teeth of many an adverse circumstance, to make a stand for English liberty, and take a station among British patriots, of which the genuine instances are but too easily numbered.'

The author scarcely does justice to Lord Liverpool, but he is very happy in his portrait of the aristocratic advocate of popular rights, Earl Grey. The following general sketch, *en passant*, of Lords Grey, Liverpool, and Holland, is, however, good:—

'If Earl Grey seems the portraiture of the haughty baron, who, with circumstances a little changed, might exist in any country, Lord Holland is the express image of John Bull himself, and could neither have been produced nor could exist out of England. Everything about him is English. You would tell a secret to Liverpool with perfect confidence, and, touching your hat to Grey, as a highly-respectable and respected personage, you would pass by on the other side; but the moment that you see Lord Holland, a very strong disposition comes across you to walk up to him, and shake him by the hand with as much cordiality as you would a twenty years' friend after a thirty years' absence. He is so perfectly plain, and even homely, though certainly without the least trace of vulgarity, in his dress, his person, and his manners—there sits such a demonstration of good feelings, good intentions, good heart, and good cheer, everywhere about him—and there are withal so many "wreathed smiles" about his mouth, and such a glee, and a desire to be happy and to make happy, in his eye, that, instead of meeting with him in the cold solemnity of the House of Lords, you would far rather that he and you should retire and crack a bottle and a joke together, after the business of the house were over.'

The Earl of Lauderdale seems to be 'neither fish nor fowl,' and our author knows not where to have him. After giving the characters of Lords Holland and Harrowby, he says:—

'No peer is more different from both of these than the Earl of Lauderdale, whose character is about as sullen as that of Lord Holland is soft, and whose expression is about as "irony" (there is no managing his lordship's expression without coining a word) as that of Lord Harrowby is benignant: for the Earl of Lauderdale, it does not appear that there is a soft seat in all the upper house. He has not, indeed, tried the bishops' benches, or the woosack, or the throne; but he has made tentation of seats in divers other places, and I have never heard that he retained any of them very long, or appeared to feel very much at his ease while in them. That the Earl of Lauderdale has seen meet thus to change his position, I am far from wishing to characterize as anything wrong: the apostle's maxim, "Try all things," is a very good one, even in politics, provided that it be followed in close juxtaposition by the words which are inseparably connected with it in Holy Writ.—"Hold to that which is best." But even here, if I were making the concession in an argument with the "shrewd" (I cannot even coin the right word here, for it is not exactly shrewd, it is not exactly acute, it is not profound, and it is anything but either judicious or circumventive) earl himself, I should have to concede the last word with a gloss as long, and, if I could, almost as learned and logical, as one of his own political pamphlets. The scope and tendency of this annotation would be to establish clearly both the *quid* and the *nequid*, as to whom and what "the best" should be for, what should be the law of its application, and by whom that law should be administered.'

Returning to the lower house, which we visited in our last, we find some of the most prominent members thus noticed:—

'That man of plain but pleasing aspect, whose very look is persuasion, upon whose features there sits a continual watchman to unravel everything like either guile or obscurity, whose eye is so clear and so soft, that you would at once pronounce that he never was angry in his life, and who seems so anxious that every word should be perfectly understood by all who hear him, is the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and that harsh and arrogant personage upon the other hand of the Speaker, who is conducting himself as if the whole were addressed to him, and to him alone, is Mr. Baring.'

'Close by the Chancellor you may observe the glorious Gothic head of his most profound coadjutor, Huskisson. It is a plain head, and small labour of the barber has been bestowed upon the outside. I know not whether Mr. Huskisson be a phrenologist; though I should rather imagine that he knows the whim and laughs at it: but certainly he seems to stand less in awe of phrenological criticism than any member of the house, who could, if he chose, command sufficient pilosity for a screen; for his hair, instead of being tangled and terrible as a lion's mane, like that of the Honourable Christopher H. Hutchinson, or twined into lady-like ringlets, like that of Mr. Lambton, is cropped as close as that of a ploughboy.'

This circumstance increases the size of his face, especially his forehead, and gives him, when the light does not fall so as to bring out the acute lines and wonderful indications of depth upon it, an air which you would be apt to call common-place, if not heavy. Opposite to Mr. Huskisson appears the square and solid front of Joseph Hume, which, though it exceed that of Huskisson in breadth, and in the force with which the features come out, is far inferior in depth. Although from Baring's manner and air you would conclude that the whole speech is addressed to him, yet Hume nods ever and anon, as much as though he said, "I taught or put you in mind of that." You can see at once that Hume is no conjuror in theoretical politics; but he is remarkable for a certain stern, steady, and useful commodity, which his countrymen call *gumption*, and for which Englishmen can be in no way remarkable, as they have not a name for it in their language.'

The author is very severe on the Babylonish poets, and particularly on their total ignorance of nature; he instances Miss Landon, the author of the *Improvisatrice*, as not 'knowing the difference, even in colour, between the blossoms of the apple-tree and that of the pear.' This lady, in an ode to the month of April, has the following lines:—

'The apple-blossom's shower of pearl,  
The pear-tree's rosier hue,  
As beautiful as woman's blush,  
As evanescent too!"

'Now, had the gentle authoress of these pretty lines—and, as far as mere sound is concerned, they are very pretty—taken council of the first fruit-gardener that she met, he could have told her that the blossom of the apple, which she compares to "pearl," is tinted with a very fine crimson, and that the "rosier hue" of all the varieties of the pear-tree declines blushing at all, just as is the case with the more stubborn part of the sex, and remains absolutely and all along white. But this is not the only illustration of the theory which I have laid down, that may be drawn from those four lines; for the illustration is, as I have said, drawn from human nature and human ornament. The white blossom of the apple-tree and the rosier one of the pear are both said to be "as beautiful as woman's blush;" and the white one is compared, not to flakes of snow, which when falling it somewhat resembles, but to a "shower of pearl"—a species of rain which could only be imagined by an incautious miss who had broken her necklace before a looking-glass.'

The author continues his criticism on another extract from one of Miss Landon's poems, in a severe, yet good-humoured manner. We have already alluded to his sketches of the various newspapers and literary periodicals published in London, and we intended to notice his remarks at greater length, —the Crusaders, however, have come upon us, and we give way to them, resting assured that we have said enough to make every reader of good sense and good taste so anxious to be better acquainted with Babylon the Great as to consult the work itself.



## BAYLEY'S HISTORY OF THE TOWER.

(Concluded from p. 357.)

IN our last notice of this interesting and valuable work we left off at the reign of Mary—which, blood-tainted as it was, was marked, as we proved, by one striking act of justice, in the execution of the Catholic Lord Stourton, for the murder of two Protestants. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth the Tower of London was not wanting in inmates, and Mr. Bayley gives a very interesting narrative of the first state prisoner who suffered during this period—Thomas, Duke of Norfolk. The duke possessed many amiable traits of character; but ambition, that sin by which angels fell, was his bane: he aspired to the hand of Mary Queen of Scots, and was ungrateful and disobedient to his own sovereign. The rack was one of the instruments to which Elizabeth resorted with some of her prisoners, and we are happy to find Mr. Bayley condemn it as unlawful, cruel, and unjust; indeed, notwithstanding the palliation of Burleigh, the manner in which the Jesuits were tortured by Queen Elizabeth is a foul stain on her character and memory, which nothing can wipe out. The melancholy fate of the brave and accomplished Earl of Essex, who at the age of only thirty-five years was cut off from the service of his country, is another proof of the vindictive character of Elizabeth. This forms an interesting portion of Mr. Bayley's work, as does the case of Sir Walter Raleigh—murdered, basely and brutally murdered, by that fantastical and unnatural monster, James the First—a wretch whose character we will not soil our pages in portraying, but which is easily ascertained by those who examine the contemporary evidence, printed and in manuscript, of his life. Mr. Bayley vindicates the character of Raleigh from the vituperative rage of Sir Edward Coke, the attorney-general, who on his trial called him a 'damnable atheist,' and, like a blood-hound, sought his life. Alluding to his execution, Mr. Bayley says, 'Raleigh was severed from all the vicissitudes and troubles of this world, and England, by the act of a cold-hearted unfeeling tyrant, deprived of a man who, whether regarded as a statesman or a patriot, as a soldier or a seaman, a scholar, a poet, or a philosopher, must be ranked among the highest ornaments of the age in which he lived.' In his account of Sir Walter, Mr. Bayley quotes, from Birch's MSS. in the British Museum, some letters from the lieutenant of the Tower, Sir William Waad, but he spells the name Wade,—whether correctly or not we will not pretend to determine, but, if our memory serves us correctly, the letters are signed *Waad*.

The gunpowder-plot sent numbers to the scaffold, and among these that learned Jesuit, Father Garnet, who on the scaffold declared that his only crime was not having divulged a circumstance told him in the sacrament of confession. The murder of Sir Thomas Overbury was the next great crime which sent prisoners to the Tower. In this atrocious murder the agents suffered, but the same monster who sent Raleigh to the block screened the principals in this case, and

found it necessary to kneel down at the council-table and impiously 'desire God to lay a curse on him and his posterity for ever, if he were consenting to Overbury's death.' The curse thus invoked certainly did pursue the family, but we will not say that it was in retribution for the death of Overbury, although the affair is involved in much mystery.

During the reign of Charles the First the Tower was frequently the prison of some of that parliamentary faction which eventually overturned the government and sent the ill-fated Charles to the scaffold. The Tower was also the prison of Felton, who assassinated the Duke of Buckingham. On this occasion the law officers of the crown behaved with great firmness: they would not sanction his being put to the rack before trial, or having his hand cut off before execution, when he had received sentence. Laud, who afterwards suffered himself, anxious to get Felton to confess if he had any accomplices, threatened him with the rack, to which he replied, 'That he knew not whom he might accuse in that torture, perhaps Bishop Laud, or any other.'

Lord Loudon, one of the commissioners, and the fearless advocate of the Scots covenants, who had come to England under safe conduct, was committed to the Tower for having written a letter to the King of France, to obtain his assistance. Loudon said the letter was written before the pacification at Berwick, and that upon that agreement it was suppressed. The Scottish lords highly resented Loudon's imprisonment, but Charles, as if eager for his death, sent a warrant to Sir William Balfour, lieutenant of the Tower, ordering his execution the next morning. Sir William, at the request of Lord Loudon, went to the Marquis of Hamilton that night, and they together repaired to Whitehall, but found the king had gone to bed:

'After some waiting and fretting, some one told Sir William Balfour that, as lieutenant of the Tower, he had privilege to knock at the king's chamber-door at any hour of the night, and so have admission to his majesty. Upon which encouragement he did knock till he was heard by the groom of the bed-chamber, who asked who was there? Balfour answered, "The lieutenant of the Tower, upon business with the king!" The king bade him let him in. He came and fell on his knees at the bed-side, and begged to know whether the warrant for the execution of Loudon was legally obtained from his majesty, and whether he could legally proceed in the execution of it, using some arguments and entreaties for the recalling, at least the suspending, of it. "No," says the king, "the warrant is mine, and you shall obey it." Upon which the Marquis of Hamilton, who had stood at the door, stepped up, and fell likewise on his knees before the king, and begged that he would not insist upon such an extraordinary resolution. The king seemed very peremptory in it, till the marquis, in the way of taking leave, said to this effect: "Well, then, if your majesty be so determined, I'll go and get ready to ride post for Scotland to-morrow morning, for I'm sure before night the whole city will be in an uproar, and

they'll come and pull your majesty out of your palace. I'll get as far as I can, and declare to my countrymen that I had no hand in it." The king was struck at this, and bid the marquis call the lieutenant again, who coming back to the bed-side, the king said, "Give me the warrant," and, taking it, tore it in pieces." After some time his lordship was released, and returned into Scotland!

Had not the Marquis of Hamilton worked on the fears of Charles, he would have sent Loudon to the block, to gratify his resentment. In the case of Lord Strafford, however, the king used every exertion to save the life of the unfortunate earl, who fell a victim to the malice of his enemies and to popular frenzy. Archbishop Laud was the next victim whom Pyne and Prynne, and the other parliamentarians, hunted down. Both in the case of Lord Strafford and Laud the trial was a mere mockery, and, in the latter—

'Nothing can more strongly mark the injustice of these proceedings than the total want of particularity in the articles of accusation; indeed Wilde acknowledged that no one crime of the archbishop's did amount to treason or felony; "but," said he, "we do contend that all his misdemeanors put together, by way of accusation, make many grand treasons." To which Mr. Herne, his grace's counsel, replied, "I crave your mercy, good Mr Sergeant; I never understood before this that two hundred couple of black rabbits make a black horse."

There was an unrelenting and vindictive malignity in the House of Commons of this day which overleaped all the barriers of law and justice to accomplish the death of any victim they had foredoomed to destruction, and, although Laud was a haughty and persecuting prelate, yet he suffered unjustly.

It would be almost an endless task to notice all the prisoners committed to the Tower during these times of trouble, when from the prison to the scaffold was but a short step. The protectorate of Cromwell, also, had numerous victims on real or imaginary charges of conspiracies against his life and authority. The persons committed after the restoration of Charles II. were so numerous, that Mr. Bayley merely gives brief notices of them from the original warrants of commitment, which from the year 1660, in nearly a perfect series, are still preserved in the Tower. We regret this brevity extremely, as the deaths of such men as Algernon Sydney and Lord William Russell should not be passed over with the brief notice of a line or two. Of the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, whom the inexorable James II. sent to the scaffold, after treating his entreaties and petitions with insult, Mr. Bayley gives a more detailed account; and we cannot here but observe, that a set of more heartless, vindictive, and tyrannical creatures never sat upon an English throne than the four Stuarts; and, if ever justice were retributive, it was in hurling that family from the throne. Jacobitism may whine over their fate, but we defy any person to prove that it was not justly merited. So vindictive was the feeble, cowardly, and bigoted James II. that he would not allow the Duke of Monmouth more than two days

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between his commitment and his execution:—“On the 15th of July [1685] at ten o'clock in the morning he was taken in the lieutenant's carriage to Tower Hill, the place appointed for his death. When arrived at the bar, which had been put up for the purpose of keeping off the people, the prisoner alighted from the carriage, and ascended the scaffold with a firm step, attended by the Bishops of Ely and Bath and Wells, who had been with him all night, as his spiritual assistants. The concourse of spectators was incalculable, and it has been said that never was the general compassion more affectionately expressed. The sighs, tears, and groans which the first glance of this heart rending scene produced were soon succeeded by a universal and awful silence, a respectful attention and affectionate anxiety to hear every syllable that should pass the lips of the unhappy sufferer. He said he came thither to die, and that he should die a Protestant of the Church of England. Here he was interrupted by his assistants, who during the whole of their attendance upon him evinced far less of that mild and Christian feeling than was to have been looked for from divines of their eminent character. They disturbed his last moments by forcing him into a long and teasing controversy, which is hardly credible; and the sheriff, in his turn, thought fit to quest on him with all the unfeeling coarseness of a vulgar mind; but the duke preserved his temper, and he mildly told them that he died very penitent, and then referred them to a paper, which he had signed that morning, declaring that it was very much contrary to his opinion that he was proclaimed, that the late king had told him he was never married to his mother, and expressing a hope that his present majesty would not let his children suffer on his account.

“He was now pressed to tell the soldiers that he stood a sad example of rebellion, and to entreat the people to be loyal and obedient to the king; but Monmouth replied in a tone more peremptory than before he had been provoked to: “I will make no speeches; I come to die.” Turning to the executioner, he expressed a hope that he would do his work better now than in the case of Lord Russel; he felt the axe, which he feared was not sharp enough, and then laid down his head. The executioner struck the blow, but so feebly, that Monmouth lifted up his head and looked him in the face, as if to upbraid him, but said nothing. The poor man struck again, and again without success; he then threw down the axe, and declared he could not do it. He was threatened by the sheriff, and again attempted it in vain, and a horrible to think of, it was not till the fifth stroke that the head of the unhappy Monmouth was severed from his body.”

The seven bishops were the next eminent persons committed to the Tower, and it is a remarkable coincidence that, on their attending the evening service in the Tower chapel, after their arrival within that fortress, the second lesson for the day was 2 Cor. vi. “Giving no offence in anything, that the ministry be not blamed; but in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God,

in much patience in affliction, in diseases, in strife, in imprisonment,” &c.

We shall not pursue our account of the prisoners in the Tower farther, as we are approaching a period in which the events connected with this state prison are pretty well known. The last executions on Tower Hill (and may they ever remain the last) were those of Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat and Charles Ratcliffe. Perhaps no man ever suffered with more firmness and modest resolution than Balmerino, whose sincere zeal in the cause for which he suffered palliated the offence. Of the subsequent committals to the Tower Mr. Bayley is very brief, as he is in his account of the affairs of the Tower; but there is an appendix of documents illustrating some portions of this truly valuable work.

*Facetiae Cantabrigienses; consisting of Anecdotes, Smart Sayings, Satiries, Retorts, &c. &c. by or relating to Celebrated Cantabs. Dedicated to the Students of Lincoln's Inn, by SOCIUS. Small 8vo. pp. 223. London, 1825. Cole.*

THE compiler of this work says, truly, that most men are occasionally troubled with *emui*, or, as it is sometimes denominated, ‘the blue devils,’ and adds, that he knows of no better remedy for such maladies than that afforded by a perusal of the *Facetious*. Many of the anecdotes and smart sayings here collected may not be unknown to amateurs of light reading, but the whole collection is good; much of the matter is new, and the volume closes with a series of Essays illustrative of the manners and habits of the Cantabs, under the title of ‘Cambridge Parties,’ which are well written, and highly entertaining. There are, also, some parodies on college examinations, of which the following specimen, evidently original, is excellent:—

‘1. Find the centre of gravity in a leg of mutton, and determine with precision how much gravy it ought to contain more properly cooked. Is there any difference between a leg and a shoulder? and what? Is it not an anomaly to call the fore-leg of a sheep the shoulder? and in what London market did the absurdity originate?’

‘2. Describe the difference between a jack-ass and a jack-fish; and enumerate the various kinds of jack-asses that are to be found in and about the university.

‘3. Give an account of the Olympic games, and point out the resemblance that there is between them and the Olympic Theatre in Wych Street. What street is Wych Street, and which is the way to it?’

‘4. In what part of London are there the greatest number of fools? and *vice versa*. Are the knaves in office more annoying than the knaves out of office? and, if not, why not? Give the characters respectively of a lord mayor, a merry-Andrew, a prime minister, a bishop, and a quack doctor. Mark the difference, if any, between them, and show in what they are all just alike.

‘5. Where was Cribb when the battle of Waterloo was fought; and who was the real champion of England on that memorable day?’

‘6. Enumerate the various qualities of Henry Hunt's Matchless Blacking, his Roasted Corn, and his quondam friend Cobbett's History of the Reformation. Analyse the three, and say which should be taken internally, and which applied externally, and why?’

‘7. Give an account of the Epping Hunt on an Easter Monday, and explain the reason why the horses generally go a great many more miles than their riders; also, why the cockneys so often indulge in their propensity for stag-hunting, when it is notorious that they are themselves properly classed under the head of horned animals in the best treatises on natural history.

‘10. Name the principal banking-houses in London, and give a general description of all the parish beadies within the bills of mortality. Repeat the observations made by Sir Richard Birnie to Michael O'Shaunessy, the cobbler, when he was taken to Bow Street for making a lap-stone of his wife's head. Show the connection between each of these propositions, and say in what particulars they vary.

‘11. Why should Harriette Wilson, Miss Foote, and the Princess Olive be considered of more consequence than ladies of quality generally? What qualities do ladies of quality generally possess? and what is the difference between a lady of rank and a rank lady?’

‘13. Where did Parson Irving come from before he came from Scotland, and where is he likely to go to if he continues to go on in the way he is going? Determine how nearly he is related to Dr. Eady, and what degree of affinity subsists between them and the Rev. Alexander Fletcher?’

‘14. What is the difference between a dentist, a dentist-surgeon, and a tooth-drawer? Which of these is the Chevalier Ruspini, which Dr. Bew of Brighton, and which Mr. Hartrey, of Hayes Court? Show that the two former are entitled to a guinea, although the last receives only a shilling per tooth, in consequence of the infinitely greater trouble they take in the performance of their task!’

‘15. Describe the different kinds of breeches that are at present worn by the English. Name the tailor that made the first pair, and determine with accuracy how much more double-milled kerseymer it takes to make a pair of Wellington trousers for Lord Nugent than would be necessary for the Achilles in Hyde Park.

‘16. What reason can you assign for the necessity of having one leg or the other always foremost when walking? and, having proved that a man can step a yard at a time, ascertain how far he can reach in a hop, step, and a jump.

‘17. Scan the following lines, and then translate them into Latin hexameters:—

“High diddle diddle!  
The cat and the fiddle,  
The cow jumped over the moon!”

‘In what quarter was the moon when the cow jumped over her? Was it an Alderney or a Welsh cow? State, also, whether she descended on her legs after her extraordinary leap, and in what parish she fell.



'18. When was April Fool's-Day first observed? Who is the first April fool upon record? What city had the honour of inventing bug-traps? Of what size were the fleas which Sir Joseph Banks mistook for lobsters, and how much salt did he put in the saucepan, when he boiled them? If one flea can skip a mile in an hour, in what time would a million of fleas draw the mail-coach from London to Bath?

'19. Enumerate the different figures of speech made use of by the late Lord Londonderry, and state precisely what sort of figure his lordship cut, when he stood prostrate before the house, and spoke of his fundamental features? Where was Mr. Canning at that time? What honourable member was it that turned his back upon himself, and in what manner did he effect so novel a position?

The length of our first review compels us to defer specimens of the anecdotes till our next.

### ORIGINAL.

ST. MONDAY, A JOURNEY THROUGH BURNING STREETS TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM, &c. &c.

NEVER, surely, did St. Monday arise in June with such a halo of light and heat thrown around his jocund holiday-bearing face, as on the 13th inst. It was a day in which all men were obliged to honour him, *per force*, and even women compelled to submit: not a pen would move, not a needle carry thread, in the upper regions; and cook, though a species of salamander, cried *peccavi*, in the regions below. No housemaid could persuade a broom to sweep, shopmen were as supine as their own measures, and even the lungs of mackerel-criers and asparagus mongers were paralysed in their labours.

The day is at all times a kind of half-holiday with us; therefore we gave ourselves up with the more satisfied conscience to stretching over a long breakfast and a new periodical, sighing for a cool breeze, and envying those who trod green fields and drew odiferous air from lime-tree walks. In this humour, it was no wonder that we were easily persuaded to join a friend, who wished to spend an hour or two in the print-room of the British Museum, and justly conceived that no more delectable way of spending a morning could be pursued, than in feeding the mind, without toil to the body, by such a medium.

Charmed with the prospect of gazing on faces fraught with intelligence, and forms in which the hand of genius has depicted all that was great in idea and wonderful in action, we started from the sofa, and, despite of every species of that reluctance to which 'flesh is heir,' put the best foot foremost, resolving, moreover, to call upon a lady, whose taste would induce her to consider such examination a treat, and who (as well as our friend) required, of course, a personal introduction to the very pleasant and intelligent keeper of these graphic treasures.

Had we the inclination, or perhaps the wit, we might here parody the voyage of Mr. Croker to Russell Square, and tell of the arid plains we passed, the beautiful groves we saw, the opthalmic dust which visited our

eyes in some regions, and the delicious coolness communicated by those perambulating fountains which scattered refreshing drops upon the slippery stones. For our own parts, we confess that, in times of great drought, like the present, we are singularly subject to finding our ideas wither beneath it;—with us, desultory thoughts, poetic imaginations, and 'all that kind of thing,' in such a glorious May-time as this, precisely resemble cut grass: every daisy, butter-cup, and May-flower, curl their crisped leaves, and become mere garbage. Of course, we had but *one* point in view, *one* object—to the print-room, and on the print-room *alone* did we look, as the medium of filling up the mighty, but not 'aching void,' of our pericraniums, and, at the same time, of indulging that determined disposition to laziness the intolerable heat inspired; a shady room, an easy chair, the power of being as taciturn as we pleased, were the absolute demands of our nature; a morning of allowed idleness is at some times positive champagne, and to us, at all times, lemonade at least.

Besides, had we not earned enjoyment? Only think, gentle reader, of ascending the steps of the Museum, between twelve and one, on that Calcutta-like day; then, think, on being drawn down again by thy companion, in a tone irresistible (for it was one of appeal to our judgment), just to examine the tremendous marble columns lying on one side of the entrance, and their no less tremendous granite friends on the other.—It was enough to give any man a *coup de solid*, to dry up the very marrow in his bones.—Never shall we forget the effect these remains had on us; we began to fear our own remains would have been left amongst them, a victim to science and perseverance.

Well! *courage*—at length we have entered the temple of science, the repository of wonders, have rejoiced in the deep shade and the cool air circulating through its numerous passages, doors, and windows, and with invigorated step we again ascend the stairs, surprised to see many more persons as adventurous as ourselves, and ladies especially, arrayed in all the warmest colours of the rainbow, be-stuffed and be-trimmed in the precise style that would become a Christmas festival.

But, lo! here is the bull brought by Capt. Parry, so well preserved, that one rejoices to see him in any kind of inclosure. How admirably has nature armed his head with impregnable bone, and clothed him with a coat impervious to cold, covering even his lips and nostrils with a fine fibrous substance, alike flexible, close, and substantial. Aye! my fine fellow, you, and the sea-bear, your neighbour, may furnish the philosopher with a lecture, and save the divine one, at least so far as to prove the existence of a 'great first cause.' Then we gaze on those enormous cameleopards, compare the lengths of their necks with those of their legs, and wonder how they could ever be overtaken by mortal man, on whom they look down with elegant airiness of contempt, unmixed, however, with any malice. One would scarcely feel alarm if one of these gentry should put his

small antelope head into a drawing room window, to gaze at a quadrille, or should peep into the Freemason's Tavern on a speech-making day; however, it is as well to be seen here only, for surely we should be eaten up by them.—'Let us therefore get to the print-room.'

'These are the Otaheite things—with what wonderful nicety these war-weapons are finished,' said the gentleman; 'What a capital head-dress the poor creatures contrived,' said the lady; 'their gods are monsters, but they have certainly a very tolerable idea of clothing themselves respectably;—perhaps a dandy warrior in full plumage might be—' 'Ah! how beautiful those nautili are?'—'Here is an exquisite specimen of blood-stone, and'—'My dear friend, my blood boils, and my poor head will be a specimen of brain stones, if we do not proceed.'

Yet we ourselves, with all the consistency so observable in these cases, though as little conversant in the mineral kingdom as if we were a fungus in the vegetable world, could, no more forbear than our companions, to linger long and admire enthusiastically, each and every of the immense collection of fossils, spars, concretions, coals, and curiosities, of the next room, which are, in fact, so exquisitely arranged, so admirably displayed, and delicately preserved, as to form an exhibition delightful even to the most ignorant, and, of course, infinitely more attractive to the learned. Our male friend was of the latter number, and it would have been cruel to tear him from specimens on which he gazed with eyes of rapture, and would perhaps have dilated with eloquence, if our fair companion had not prevented him by her rapid observations. 'What an exquisite cornelian for a brooch! how fine a necklace might be made out of that amber! a great many beautiful rings could be set out of those emeralds; and, if those crystals were mine, I would'—

'But we are now going to look at *prints*—' *Going*, it is true, but there are shells and insects and birds and beasts without end; the wonders of *nature* are all in array against the wonders of *art*, and the little old woman, in the nursery story, who could not drive her pig over the bridge was but a faint type of us and our movements. For, behold! when all animated nature was gone by, and even the lakes and mountains of Cumberland, which both had visited, were jumped over, then came the Sculpture Gallery, with all its spell like properties. Happily, our dear female friend saw nothing to desire in this rich assemblage of antiquities, and she walked forward with the quiet soberness of an Englishwoman, who concludes, that she ought not to be *blue* till she has become *grey*, yet proved she was not insensible to the excellency of high art, by stopping to laugh at a face of comic expression, in a statue evidently of Grecian origin, and, as we apprehend, altogether unique, and in its own way incomparable. At this moment, we remarked C—the poet, standing with his eyes fixed on a Torso, leading to the place where the Elgin marbles were deposited, and which we had predetermined to cheat them out of seeing, *pour le present*. We could not, however, re-

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sist the desire of gratifying the lady by pointing him out, knowing that she was a passionate admirer (as well she might be) of his poems.

Of course, a new hindrance arose;—‘she must step back, she must just look at the wonderful man;’ then she must comment ‘on his commanding height, his small but powerful eye, that peculiar cast of countenance by which she would have known him amongst ten thousand, for a man of genius, &c. &c. All this was very well, for she is a pleasant sensible woman, when all is done; but, unluckily, our other friend had strayed meantime into the mummy boudoir, and mummies are among the many passions which your men of travel and reading hold themselves privileged to indulge. We suffered him, it is true, to pay but short devours to an Egyptian lady of three thousand years, at this time, and laid a positive interdict against any visit to the labours of Lord Elgin; but the granite goddesses and the sarcophagus were not so easily disposed of. At the foot of each of these, as if placed on purpose for effect or contrast, sat two young girls, evidently sisters, of sixteen or eighteen: they were both gaily dressed in pink silk, but, overdone by the heat, had probably sate down, while some curmudgeon antiquary uncle was investigating objects in which they had no interest. Their extreme youth, fashion, and naïveté had altogether a singular effect, and would have produced a string of moral observations and sentiments, but that we were all by this time completely jaded, and dying to be in the print-room.

But now another eternal staircase, the last, but, alas! the longest, must be encountered, and then came ‘that curious-looking wedge-wood-ware pitcher,’ said our female companion, ‘that very extraordinary antique, the Portland vase,’ explained our male one; nor could he possibly do less than inform her, what she afterwards perfectly recollected to have known ever since she read Dr. Darwin’s Botanic Garden, where it came from, what it cost, and on what tenure it was held by the British Museum at this very hour.

Another room ensued, and vases of all sizes and shapes appeared—inquiry on one hand, and information on the other, abounded; but the end was in view, and with resolution, quickened by hope, we proceeded to the goal, and, in another minute, found ourselves in possession of the promised paradise. There was an urbane smile, a quiet room refreshingly cool, easy chairs, and magnificent folios; there were all on which imagination had dwelt at the outset, with an enthusiasm well merited by the object; but, alas! it came now too late, for there was a sense of weariness and exhaustion that prevented any of us from enjoying it; ‘and then,’ added we, on looking at our watch, ‘it wants but a quarter to five, which is dinner-time,’ a circumstance that accounts fully for our sensation.

Home we went, without looking at a single print; yet we were not silent nor ill-humoured, and over our wine we laughed very pleasantly at ourselves, the gravest of the party observing, ‘that we had passed the

morning as most persons passed their lives’ with a good end in view, which was never attained till the time came for parting with it. However true, surely they may be deemed happy who are drawn aside from it by no worse objects than those which attracted us.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

A FATHER TO HIS FIRST-BORN.

My child, thy mother lately sung  
Of thee, when thou wert sleeping;  
As she in rapture o’er thee hung,  
When all thy little wants thy tongue  
Declared to her by weeping.  
But now thy wants thy words explain,  
For thou’rt, my boy, beginning  
To prattle, in thy way, again  
Thy infantine desires to gain,  
In every action winning.

I mark thee now, when each new thing  
Thy wonder is exciting;  
I hear thy small voice prattling,  
The thoughts that from thy fancy spring—  
In all thou dost delighting.

In thee do I the semblance see  
Of what I was before thee:  
E’en what thou dost was done by me,  
When I, my child, was like to thee,  
And cares had not come o’er me.

Thy infant toys delight thee now,  
As me they once delighted,  
And joy is young upon thy brow,  
A fresh and fragrant blossom thou—  
Be ever thus unblighted!

O! mayst thou through the world thy path  
Pursue, and naught oppress thee;  
Free from the faults thy father hath,  
Avoid, through virtue, heaven’s wrath—  
With this desire—I bless thee!

WILFORD.

### THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—On Monday, Mr. Kean, who, a few months ago, assured the public he was going to leave the London stage for some years, or perhaps never to return, appeared in his favourite character of the Duke of Gloucester. The dread of a bad reception ‘awed the soul of Richard,’ and we never saw him play the character so ill. To us it appeared that he had dined early and sate too long at table; at any rate, his performance was as unlike the usual Richard of Kean as possible. Care and mortification appear to have sat light on him, for he is become quite stout. He was extremely well received, the London audience seeming to say to him, ‘Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace, and sin no more.’

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.—On Wednesday evening, the *Tempest* was performed at this theatre to one of the thinnest houses we ever saw assembled within its walls. Mr. Young’s Prospero is well known, and possessed its usual excellence. Rayner’s Caliban was extravagant and disgusting. Miss Paton sung delightfully in Dorinda, and, with Miss Hammersley, as Miranda, gave the echo duet, from Zuma, with great skill and sweetness. The chief novelty was the appearance of Miss H. Cawse, as Ariel: she sung very sweetly, but she is too young for the character; she is, however, a most promising young lady.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—We understand that preparations are making for commencing the campaign here with great spirit; the house opens in a few days, and we wish it every success.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Liston is playing all his favourite characters here, but the manager seems not to dream of novelty, and hence the house is rarely well attended.

### LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

A MR. JOHN ROOKE wishes us to state that he is the original discoverer of certain new principles of political economy—to wit, that ‘the annual price of agricultural labour is the best criterion by which we can ascertain the value of money in different periods of time;’ 2ndly, That ‘the average price of corn is regulated by the cost of producing it on the worst class of soils which the demand brings under tillage.’ We, for our sakes, have no wish to deny Mr. Rooke the merit of this discovery, on which he may crow as much as he pleases.

Preparing for publication, the History of Rome, now first translated from the German of B. G. Niebuhr.

General Gourgaud is about publishing a Refutation of General Segur’s History of Napoleon’s Russian Campaign.

Property Insured in England.—By an official view of the relative business of the various offices for fire insurance in England, it appears that there are forty-six offices or companies, and that the amount of duty they have paid to Government, for insurances effected by them, for the last year, amounts to £659,377. The duty being 3s. for every £100. insured, it follows that the total amount of property insured is, in round numbers, about £439,585,000. Such being the value of property which the assured of necessity make upon their premises, goods, furniture, &c. and it being probable that as much in amount may remain uninsured, if the value of all other kind of property were to be added, we should have a sum of wealth for England alone that would be almost incredible.

### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

| Day of the Month. | 8 o’clock Morning. | 1 o’clock Noon. | 11 o’clock Night. | Barom 1 o’clock Noon. | Weather. |
|-------------------|--------------------|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------------|----------|
| June 17           | 55                 | 68              | 49                | 30 23                 | Cloudy.  |
| .... 18           | 54                 | 66              | 55                | .. 23                 | Fair.    |
| .... 19           | 57                 | 68              | 60                | .. 06                 | Cloudy.  |
| .... 20           | 55                 | 55              | 49                | 29 80                 | Showery. |
| .... 21           | 50                 | 57              | 47                | .. 93                 | Cloudy.  |
| .... 22           | 52                 | 65              | 55                | 30 10                 | Fair.    |
| .... 23           | 55                 | 68              | 55                | .. 14                 | Do.      |

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE ‘Journey in Ireland,’ and the ‘Complaint,’ in our next.

The Lines on the Death of G. W. S.’s Infant display more affection than poetry.

J. W. R. has been received.

If Mr. Collet, instead of making himself ridiculous by writing angry notes, had turned to the file of *The Literary Chronicle* at any coffee-house, he would have found that his Garland of Wild Flowers was noticed about three months ago in our journal, namely, in No. 303.



Works published since our last notice.—Tales of the Crusaders, 4 vols. 2l. 2s.—Lady Morgan's Absenteeism, 5s. 6d.—Dupin's Commercial Power of Great Britain, 2 vols. 12. 8s.—Rose's Orlando Furioso, vol. 3d, 9s. 6d.—Country Vicar, and other Poems, 6s.—Phillips's Floral Emblems, coloured 30s., plain 21s.—Wolfe's Remains and Memoirs, two vols. 10s.—Prayers for Private Worship, 2s. 6d.—Holland's Arithmetic, 2s.—Jamieson's Supplement to Scottish Dictionary, 2 vols. 4to. 5l. 5s.—Lays of the Minnesingers, 8vo. 14s.—Tales, by an Unwilling Author, 2 vols. 10s. 6d.—Howship on Indigestion, 7s.—Life of Archbishop Sharpe, 2 vols. 12. 1s.—Dangean's Memoirs of the Court of France, 2 vols. 12. 8s.—Jones's Prodigal's Pilgrimage, 3s. 6d.—Critical Examination of Dr. Macculloch's Highlands, 8vo. 8s. 6d.

### SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET, PALL MALL EAST.

The SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION for the Sale of the Works of Living Artists of the United Kingdom, IS NOW OPEN, and will CLOSE on Saturday, the 9th of July.

Admittance, One Shilling.—Catalogue, One Shilling.  
W. LINTON, Secretary.

**A POLLONICON.—EVENING PERFORMANCES—LAST NIGHT.—On THURSDAY next, June 30th, will be performed by Mr. THOMAS ADAMS, Messrs. GUICHARD, LORD, COOPER, and MOXLEY, a grand Selection of Music, amongst which are the following favourite Pieces:—'Eighth grand Symphony,' and 'Te Deum'—Haydn.—Overture, 'Don Giovanni,' 'Benedictus,'—Requiem, 'Crucel Perche,' 'Dove Sono,' and 'Infelice Sconsolata,' by Mozart.—Celebrated Overture to 'Der Freischütz.'—Extempore Performances by Mr. Adams, in which he will introduce the favourite Irish Melody, 'The Maid of the Valley,' and Purcell's Air, 'Full Fathom Five,' &c. &c. with Rondo and Fugue. To commence at Eight o'Clock.—Admittance, 2s. 6d.—No. 101, St. Martin's Lane.**

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